

GEMS
OF
PROSE
AND
POETRY

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G E M S
OF
PROSE AND POETRY,
THE FRUITS OF LEISURE HOURS.

Original and Selected.

ARRANGED WITH A VIEW OF ASSISTING THE MEMORY, PROMOTING METHODICAL HABITS, AND ACCUMULATING A FUND OF KNOWLEDGE.

In reading authors, should you find
Choice passages that strike your mind,
And which no doubt you may have reason
To think on at another season;
Rest not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white.

*"Should frequent beauties strike the reader's view,
Pray do not quarrel for a fault or two,
But pardon imperfections in such men
As faults of human nature and the pen."

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF
JAMES R. AIKEN,
OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

"Jubavit meminisse hæc studia olim."—VIRGIL.

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INTRODUCTION.

As wise a man as Lord Bacon has said, that, "men of long experience without learning have often proved of more benefit to society than learned men without experience." I am not vain enough to flatter myself with the idea that either my learning or experience has ever benefited any one, not even myself; yet what I have learned in the journey of life convinces me that it requires no ordinary degree of observation to discover that our experience of human nature is too often attained by the purchase of time, fortune, and even reputation.

Fully convinced of this idea, and yet more strongly impressed with the conviction as a man of business, whose associations have been more or less with men in every relation of life, I determined at times to take advantage of leisure moments, in committing to manuscript what might enable me

"To eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the living manners, as they early rise."

To attain this purpose I have from time to time set down, for future reference, brief passages, trite

166636

sentences, appropriate references, axioms, maxims, etc., which contained ideas that might be of some benefit to myself, if not to others. Whether the effort will prove beneficial or not is left entirely to the judgment of those who may feel disposed to criticise the task which I have undertaken. I am aware it is a hazard on my part to play the author, even with a limited and imperfect knowledge of human nature; to commit, for the edification and instruction of others, "thoughts that breathe, or words that burn," whether in prose, poetry, fact, or fiction. I think, however, a careful perusal, without prejudice, of this humble effort, will afford an impartial reader some thoughts for reflection, that may, if properly appreciated, improve their manners, aid in conversation, increase their pleasure, strengthen their morals, and, I hope, promote their temporal and eternal happiness.

I claim the indulgent consideration of the reader in stating that many of the ideas suggested are not entirely original, as the emanations of my own brain, but taken in part, and in many instances, from the views and opinions of others, yet more or less analyzed, and frequently paraphrased, as I verily believe, without egotism, to a better appreciation and application to modern society. As far as my limited reading from the resources of a private library have been permitted, and from other sources of a common literature, I have, in every paragraph, attempted to "sift the

wheat from the chaff," and so to arrange the order that the scholar, the statesman, the orator, editor, lawyer, or divine, might the more readily find a ready reference to such subjects as might be of appropriate application in expressing his own ideas. The young readers, too, of both sexes, may also find some very valuable and appropriate texts for their especial use, if not to enrich their minds with knowledge, certainly to please their fancy.

In the commencement of this work (many years since), having not the remotest idea of publishing a book of this kind, but little attention was paid to the source from which many of the *selected* scraps, or extracts, were taken; consequently, some of the authors have not been given; but in every instance, as far as memory serves, proper quotation marks will be found, to indicate what is not original. The book contains more than a thousand separate and distinct pieces, of which one-half, at least, have been written and compiled during the past year, in moments and hours taken from business, under influences of a peculiar nature, and which would be of no interest for the reader to learn.

The practical, statistical, and historical facts introduced, are only recorded as being useful for future reference.

In conclusion, suffice it to say, dear reader, the book is now before you. So far as regards the "scintillations" of my own brain, they are scattered through the whole compilation, and for them I have no further apology to make, except it be to

the opinions of those who are competent to decide upon their literary merits.

There is "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice;" not a line has been written to gratify or displease any one but myself; and it has been only at the suggestion of friends that I have consented to the publication. If the book meets their approbation, and the good opinion of others whose favorable consideration I am solicitous to obtain, then I shall be satisfied; and to those who, upon a careful perusal, may think otherwise, I have only to say, in all sincerity, *Try your hand, kind friend; make the effort to write a book; perhaps, you may secure for yourself a niche in the temple of fame—perhaps not,—but should you fail, posterity will, at least, engrave on the wrong side of your tomb-stone, as a titlepage,*

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't."

J. R. A.

So. CA., June 1, 1876.





ORIGINAL
AND
SELECTED REMARKS.

ABSENCE.

“When all that in absence we dread
Is past, and forgotten the pain,
How sweet is the tear at such moments we shed,
When we see our sweetheart again.”—*Willis.*

“Now, since thy graceful form has gone,
Thine absence each emotion smothers,
For what I sought in thee alone,
In truth I cannot find in others;
So fare thee well, my dearest maid,
'Tis vain and fruitless to regret thee;
No hope nor memory yields me aid,
Yet pride may teach me to forget thee.”

“Yet now and then a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavor:
Does Emma know the pangs I feel?
Believing that she's lost forever.”—*Burns.*

ABUNDANCE.

What does any man want who has abundance, or what is he the better off for more, if never satisfied?

ACTIONS.

All our actions in this world are judged by our fellow man, but the consequences of a final verdict will be given by the Judge of Heaven.

ADIEU.

“And now, fair ladies, one and all, adieu,
Good health, good husbands, and good-by to you.”

—Watson.

ADVERSITY.

“In this wide world, the fondest and the best
Are oftentimes tried; most troubled and distressed.”

—Crabbe.

ADVERTISE.

Merchants, “you should never let”
Your advertising rest;
Your dirty hands were never made
To hang into your vest.

ADVICE.

Advice is often dispensed at wholesale, but more generally taken at retail.

Whene'er you are in doubt—
Said a man I once knew—
Twixt two lines of conduct,
Which course to pursue,
Ask a woman's opinion,
And whatever she advise,
Take the contrary course,
And you are sure to be wise.

“Come, come,” said Tom's father, “at your time
of life,
There's no longer excuse for playing the rake,
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife.”
“Well, so it is, father—but whose shall I take?”

Don't think too much of money,
But learn to work and plan;
Use honesty in every shape,
And hoard up all you can;
'Tis the fool who boasts of riches,
His dollars, dimes, or pence,
The best of wealth is youth and health,
With good sound common sense.

“Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice,
Hear each one's counsel, but reserve thy choice.”

AFFECTATION.

Affectation, with a full supply of chalk and paint,
has ruined more pretty faces than the small-pox.

AGE.

“Old as I am, for ladies’ love unfit,
 The power of beauty I remember yet,
 For when I saw you, Cupid shot a dart
 Which gave a wound I still feel in my heart.
—Dryden.

The greatest comfort of old age is the pleasing remembrance of the many benefits and favors done to others during youth and manhood.

“Our age to seventy years is set,—
 Tho’ short the time, how rarely met!
 Yet if to eighty we arrive,
 We toil in pain—yet wish to live.”

Old age, cradled in piety and matured by faith, is but the childhood of immortality.

Every returning birthday is another milestone in the journey of life.

AGREEABLE.

The true secret of being agreeable in company is to appear well pleased with all the company, and to be well entertained with the idea that you are entertaining others agreeably.

“He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he whom nobody can please.”

ALPHABET.

The English Alphabet contains 26 Letters.

"	French	"	"	23	"
"	Italian	"	"	20	"
"	Spanish	"	"	27	"
"	German	"	"	26	"
"	Russian	"	"	41	"
"	Persian	"	"	32	"
"	Turkish	"	"	33	"
"	Latin	"	"	22	"
"	Greek	"	"	24	"
"	Hebrew	"	"	22	"
"	Arabic	"	"	28	"
"	Sanscrit	"	"	50	"
"	Chinese	"	"	214	"

AMBITION.

" 'Tis young ambition's ladder
 Whereto the climber turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He to the ladder turns his back,
 Looks to the clouds, and scorns the base degrees
 By which he did ascend."—*Shakespeare.*

"I am the founder of my own fortunes. I date
 my predigree, not from musty parchments or
 worm-eaten rolls of heraldry, but from myself, and
 myself alone—I am the first of my line."—*Napoleon.*

"'Tis like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by expanding it destroys its aim
And vanishes in naught."—*Shakespeare.*

The ambitious man, too covetous of fame,
Too full of fiery metal in his frame,
How oft he strays from virtue's sacred ways,
When drunk with honor or debauched with praise.

AMERICA.

"Let it be a truth engraven on our hearts, that
we are one, united and entire ; let it be borne on
the stars and stripes, that glorious banner under
which we rally in every exigency, that we have
but "one country," "one constitution," "one
destiny."—*Webster.*

"If this great western sun should be struck out
of the firmament, at what other fountain could the
lamp of liberty be illumined ? What other orb
could even emit a ray of freedom, to glimmer on
the darkness of the world ?"—*Webster.*

"Before the year 1900, the population of
America will be more than equal to the inhabit-
ants of all Europe. When her Whigs are thus
multiplied, let all the princes of the earth tremble
in their palaces."—*Dr. Sam'l Johnson, 1779.*

AMERICAN GENIUS.

“Franklin established his reputation as a genius throughout the *land*; Fulton made the broad bosom of the *ocean* the theater of his fame; whilst Morse now writes his immortality with the lightnings of *heaven*.”

AMIABILITY.

There are some men who can deny a favor so graciously as to please us in the refusal; whilst others confer an obligation so rudely as to disgust us in their kindness.

AMUSEMENTS.

If the enemies of innocent amusements had the control of worldly matters, they would deprive *youth* of its spring, *middle age* of its summer, *manhood* of autumn, and crush *old age* with the icicles of winter.

ANAGRAMS.

Astronomers—“Moon starers.”

Breakfast—“Fat bakers.”

Christianity—“It’s in Charity.”

Democratical—“Comical trade.”

Embargo—“O, grab me.”

Elegant—“Neat leg.”

Encyclopedia—“A nice cold pie.”

Festival—"Evil fast."
Gallantries—"All great sin."
Impatient—"Time in a pet."
Lawyers—"Sly ware."
Matrimony—"Into my arm."
Melodrama—"Made moral."
Miniature—"True, I am in."
Misanthrope—"Spare him not."
Monarch—"March on."
Parishioners—"I hire parsons."
Parliament—"Partial men."
Pedagogue—"See a pug dog."
Penitentiary—"Nay, I repent it."
Presbyterian—"Best in prayer."
Punishment—"Nine thumps."
Revolution—"To love ruin."
Solemnity—"Yes, Milton."
Sub-treasurer—"A sure burster."
Sweetheart—"There we sat."
Telegraphs—"Great helps."
Wealth—"The law."

ANCESTRY.

"Superior worth your rank requires,
For this mankind reveres your sires;
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merit hightens your disgrace."—*Gay*.

“The man who prides himself of a long line of ancestry, of whose merits he is unworthy, is like a potato-plant, the best part is under ground.

ANGER.

“Of all the ills by which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.”

—*Cumberland.*

ANTIQUITY.

“All men are fond of tracing back their family records, but never consider that there is a point in which they become related to a band of thieves and robbers.”

APOSTLES.

Andrew was crucified.

Barnabas was stoned to death.

Bartholomew was skinned alive.

James (great) was beheaded.

James (less) was thrown from a pinnacle.

John was put in a pot of boiling oil.

Jude was shot with arrows.

Luke was hanged.

Mark was dragged through Alexandria.

Matthew was martyred in Ethiopia.

Matthias was stoned to death.

Paul was beheaded.

Peter was crucified with his head downward.

Philip was beheaded.

Simon was crucified.

Thomas was pierced with a spear.

APPEARANCE.

The charms of life, like a deceitful dream,
Not oft as beautiful as what they seem;
Appearance will betray, for, understand,
A pure white glove may hide a filthy hand.

APPETITE.

"The shortest road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their throats, or I mistake mankind;
Their several cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives—What hour to dine?"

—*Young.*

"The chief end of man," the hungry sinner,
Since Eve ate apples—is a good dinner.

ART.

No cosmetics, no art of dress, no studied adjustment of lights and shadows, can adorn the human form like good health, accompanied with moder-

ate exercise; 'tis this alone which blends them all
in perfection in the face of the immortal.

ARTIFICE.

Maidens in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms please the sight, but merit wins the soul;
'Tis not the chalk or paint—for both decay,
And dark or flaxen curls will turn to gray;
Use no deception, girls, for all must fade,
And she who cheats a man must die a maid.

ASSOCIATION.

Dear friend, you have told me, go mix with mankind;
But I must deny such a precept as wise;
As seclusion accords with the tone of my mind,
I cannot descend to a world I despise.

ATOMS.

"All nature's great developments are made
From microscopic atoms, form, and shade;
This should remind us, that many little things
Produce abundance and contentment brings.
Our Saviour did himself the lesson give,
That "nothing should be lost" on which we live.
When the great feast of miracles was stayed,
Twelve overflowing baskets still were made.
Just so with scraps of wisdom which we find
In books or by experience—if we mind
To hoard them up, if not too much in haste,
A fund of knowledge we'll obtain at last."

AUTHOR.

He only is entitled to be known as an author, who writes something that others never thought of; or enlarges and improves upon ideas with more feeling, poetry, sentiment, or wit, which others never wrote upon, if worthy of notice.

AVARICE.

“Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
He dreads that penury will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate.”

— *Wolcot.*

BABY.

A *coupon* due to a marriage *bond*, payable nine months after contract, and received without protest.

BACHELOR.

A whimsical being, made out of the odds and ends, the chips and scraps, left by nature after the great work of creating man and wife was accomplished; of as much use to women as the odd half of a pair of scissors.

BALL.

Of all who did dance 'twere a long tale to tell,
Of flounces or dresses, or who was the belle;

For each one was happy, and all were so fair,
That night passed away, and the dawn caught
them there;

When, wearied and tired, they put off their graces,
And strolled off for home, to wash their dear faces;
Then take a good nap, and talk, one and all,
Of the pleasure enjoyed at the *Calico* ball.

BAR-ROOM.

“In every town you find a house for prayer,
Not far away you’ll see a bar-room near,
But ’twill be found, on close examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.”

BASHFULNESS.

“Before her face her handkerchief she spread,
To hide the flood of tears—she did not shed.”
—*Pope.*

BATTLE,

“Victors and vanquished join, promiscuous cries,
Exulting shouts, and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the grassy fields are dyed,
And friends and foes are mingled in the tide.”

The falling shot, the bursting shell,
The war-cloud’s leaden rain;
A perfect mimicry of Hell
Is seen upon the battle plain.

'Tis the fate of the soldier, so stand by your arms;
 Soon or late, death will take us in tow;
Each bullet has got its fearful alarms,
 But when the time comes we must go.
Be merry, my boys, drown fear and sorrow;
 To the Yankees we never will yield;
Though to-day we are safe, on the morrow,
 Perhaps, we may be shot on the field.

BEAUTY.

"I admit you are handsome, but still I should
 guess
 That others are handsome as you;
I've heard you called charming, but you must
 confess
 That all things we hear are not true."—*Watson.*

"With graceful ease and sweetness, void of pride,
She hides her faults—if she has faults to hide;
If to her charms some female errors fall,
Look in her eyes, and you'll forget them all."

Thou art beautiful, Miss Emma,
 But I need not tell you this;
I am caught in a dilemma
 By a spell of loveliness.

"The charms of beauty are as transient as the
hectic flush which tinges the cheek of disease, and

the distinctions won in the court of Fashion are as fitful as the gleam of a meteor."

"Beauty's a doubtful good, a gloss, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour;
And beauty blemished once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, or cost."

—*Shakespeare.*

"For every block of marble holds a Venus,
With nothing but unchiseled stone between us."

—*Byron.*

"Without a smile from partial beauty won,
Pray, what is man—a world without a sun."

—*Campbell.*

As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of the stars in the skies,
But this earth has a planet sufficient for me.

She's neither Violet or Rose,
Nor Hyacinth or Daisy;
But all combined in one bouquet,
Her beauty has amazed me.

"I long not for those cherries on the tree,
So much as those which on thy lips I see,
And more affection have I for the rose
That's on thy cheek—than in the garden grows."

—*Randolph.*

'Tis heaven that gives to thee thy form and grace,
And plants an angel in thy sweet young face.

BEAU.

They that have never seen him, yet admire
What has been heard of him, and much desire
To have his company, and hear him tell,
Some wonderful exploit *He* done so well.

BELLE.

“Rich *poult de soie* and *barege Anglais*,
With petticoats frilled around the knee;
Alpaca, cashmere, or *drap d' été*,
Or an elegant organdie;
A parasol tiny, or a small rattan,
Bootee of patent leather,
A Panama hat, a Chinese fan,
For a bonnet an ostrich feather;
A gorgeous dress, five dollars a yard,
Of an exquisite greenish silk,
With laces and muslin, all the rage,
As white and as pure as milk.”

BIBLE.

Be this your study and your chief delight,
Read it by day, but meditate at night;
Its happy precepts to yourself apply,
That you may live as you would wish to die.

The Bible contains 66 books, 1,189 chapters,
31,173 verses, and was written by fifty different
authors.

“Within this sacred volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
But better had they ne’er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.”

“The offspring of sanctified intellect, conceived in the councils of Eternal Wisdom; through life it pours the balm of heaven into the wounded heart, and in the hour of death, blazing with the luster of Jehovah’s glory, sheds the light of immortality upon the darkness of the tomb.”

“I would sooner undertake to convince an infidel of the truths of the Bible, than, by a course of reasoning, to prove its authenticity.”—*Henry*.

“Heaven is not more spangled with stars than the Word of God with the refulgent promises of his love.”

In all the journey of life,
No matter which way we turn,
We can always find in the Word of God
Some useful lessons to learn.

BIGOTRY.

“Mad as Christians used to be
About the thirteenth century,
There’s lots of bigots to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as bad.”—*Moore*.

BIRTH.

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From wealth, or state, or rulers on the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed beyond the skies.”
—*Cowper.*

BLASPHEMY.

“Improper words admit of no defense,—
A want of decency is want of sense.”—*Pope.*

BLISS.

“There’s a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
told,
When two that are linked in a heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing, or brow ever cold,
Love on through this life—love on till they die.”
—*Moore.*

“If there is happiness on earth,
A fellow knows it when
He’s been away from home a week,
And then gets back again.”

If there is happiness on earth,
A place where bliss is found,
’Tis when a fellow meets his girl
And hugs her all around.

BOOKS.

Were it possible to reduce every book to its
quintessence, many an author would appear in a

penny sheet, while millions of volumes would be utterly annihilated.

“Many books owe their success, not so much to the good memory of those who wrote them, as to the bad memory of those who read them.”

“The monuments of mind;—sweet solaces of daily life; proofs of immortality; trees yielding fruit, whose leaves are for the healing of all nations; tables of knowledge, where all may eat, nor ever fear a surfeit.”

“’Tis pleasant sure to see one’s name in print,
A book’s a book—altho’ there’s nothing in’t.”
Of making many books there is no end,
Alas! how many to no good purpose tend.
Perhaps, dear friend, this very book, indeed,
Confirms the sentence which above you read.

There are more persons who read books of worldly matters than buy them, and there are more who buy books of devotion than read them.

May every precept here a blessing be,
To those who read this book compiled by me;
And may each reader have no cause to say,
“*My money’s lost!* I’ll throw the book away;”
But may it some persuade, who go astray,
And turn their thoughts from every evil way.

BUNYAN.

"The Bible has been compared to a fountain of milk, of which every one can drink to their heart's content, but it was the good fortune of Bunyan to collect the cream, which he offers to every thirsty soul in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

BUSINESS.

Some men think business consists in holding on to what you can get, unlawfully, and refusing to give up what is not your own, in accordance with law.

CALHOUN, JNO. C.

"When parties and partisans have passed away; when petty schemes and political rivalries are forgotten, posterity will pass its unbiased judgment upon the great drama; then will the lofty patriotism, the stern integrity, and commanding abilities of John C. Calhoun stand out in bold relief, unscathed by the shafts of malice, to stamp him—"The Statesman of the Age."

CANDOR.

"With pleasure let us own our errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last."—*Pope*.

CARE.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life:

by stolid indifference, the most common; by philosophy and reason, the most ostentatious; by religion, which is the most effectual.

“Here’s a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate
For whatever may befall me
I have a heart for every fate.”—*Byron.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
But every time we smile we draw one out;
If this be true, the man who never sighs
Should split his sides with mirth—he never dies.

If the heart of a man is depressed with care,
To dispel it at once, let a woman appear,
Take hold of her hand, and give her a kiss,
And care is immediately changed into bliss.

“Care that has entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.”
—*Johnson.*

But can a noble mind forever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud a genius bright’ning into day!

CAROLINA, SOUTH.

“The land of my birth, Heaven’s blessings attend
her!

While I live I will cherish ; yes, love and defend
her ;
Though others may sneer, and in envy defame her,
My heart swells with gladness whenever I name
her."—*Gaston.*

"The renown of her soldiers is proven by the
blood-stained folds of her tattered banner ; their
highest eulogy is : they left no names on the
records of a court-martial, but in one campaign
they left two-thirds of a thousand men on the plains
of Mexico."—*Jno. Preston.*

"When the rights of Carolina are invaded, and
the war blast shall sound to arms, he who mounts
his charger to avenge her wrongs, sooner than I,
must rise by the dim twilight of the morning star,
and whet his sabre before the dawn of day."

—*Jas. Hamilton.*

CATEGORY.

Which is the girl that I love best?
For I see a score around me,
Some brunette, and some are fair,
In the dance that now surrounds me.
Great Heavens! what can I do?
Or whom shall I love best?
I'm half inclined to take some one
Whose smiles would give me rest.

Here's one with fair white arms,
She never would forsake me,
Through all life's ills, or harms,
I wonder if she'd take me?
My doubt grows strong and stronger,
Who answers to my call?
For if I pause much longer,
I'm sure I'll love them—*all*.

CATERPILLAR.

I'm in my dishabille, 'tis true,
'Tis often so, dear girl, with you;
When I become a butterfly,
In colors, then with you I'll vie;
Let not this thought your mind perplex,
I'm a true emblem of your sex.

CHARMS.

Let others say how much they prize,
Charms that adorn the fair,
The rosy cheek or sparkling eyes,
The blonde or brunette hair;
'Tis not the bust or polished arm
Could my approval win,
But a lively animated form,
With a noble mind within.

CHARACTER.

A certain degree of self-respect is one of the best securities against moral degradation.

(Doubtful.) A man, whose reputation was unknown yesterday, exists only to-day, without any hope of being remembered to-morrow.

“With or without offense to friends or foes,
I’ll sketch the world, exactly as it goes.”—*Byron*.

In our intercourse with men, how many we find whom the opinion of the world, or some mere circumstance of good fortune, has placed them in a much higher position than they deserve, when the truth in the abstract convinces us they are not only fools, but knaves and hypocrites.

If all men were honest and candid in the expression of their own opinions of human nature, they would confess that, whilst they knew of themselves enough to secure friends, they should also know enough of others to find out they have enemies.

CHARACTERISTICS.

A kind Providence has given us two eyes, but one tongue; the inference is, that we should see twice as much as we say; but there are many men born with two tongues and only one eye, if we are to judge them by what they say and see.

Cruel men are the greatest lovers of mercy; avaricious men, of generosity; proud men, of humility—*i. e.*—in others, not in themselves.

“In all thy manners, whether grave or mellow,
Thou’rt such a jovial, witty, pleasant fellow,
With so much fun, and jokes, and mirth about you,
I don’t see how the girls can live without you.”

—*Martial.*

The charms of wit excite admiration; those of the heart impress esteem; but it is the beauty of the face that provokes love.

Mankind are generally classified in three parts: “Those who will;” “those who won’t;” “those who can’t.” The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything, and the third fail in everything.

’Tis not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong; not what we gain, but what we save, that makes us rich; not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise; and not what we profess, but what we practice, that makes us Christians.

CENSURE.

When you feel inclined to censure
Acts of others which you know,
Ask your conscience, ere you venture,
If it has not failings too?

CENTENNIAL.

The dress, in the year '76 that was worn,
Is forgotten and lost, and new fashions are born;
'Tis at the Centennial all prices advance,
And we take all our fashions from England or
France,
With a hundred silk dresses, and velvets a score,
And a thousand small ornaments, just as before;
A jacket or cloak, as fancies prevail,
Strung with beads or with flowers, to embroider
the tail,
A pin-back of course, stockings striped to the knees,
Leaving men to imagine just what they please;
A bonnet as large as a butterfly's wing,
Pinned on to the hair, or tied with a string;
Add now to such nonsense a smile or a nod,
When at the Centennial you'll be thought "à-la
mode."

CHARITY.

Charity, after death, to those who would give
nothing while living, is but bequeathing a fund to
erect a monument to selfishness.

Such is the charity of some men, that they "owe no man" ill-will, always making payment in advance.

To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive:
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, if provoked, with anger burn.
— *Watts*.

Some men are so charitable, that, if they meet a beggar on *one* wooden leg, they will still reserve their alms until they meet another with *two*, as the most worthy.

If universal charity prevailed, earth would prove "a heaven begun below," but hell would be a mystery and a fable.

In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends,
A *dime* to charity we give,
But grasp a *dollar*, on'to live;
This consolation thus we take,
The Lord requires "one-tenth we make."

"Let generous charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse virtuous minds can feel."—*Hill*.

CHART.

If any man, who has reached the period of three score years and ten, was given a chart of his life by the recording angel, he would find the blots and "errata" so numerous as to prevent the discovery of what was pure and good.

CHASTITY.

"Bid me leap from off the battlements of yonder tower, or lurk where serpents are; chain me with roaring lions; shut me nightly in a charnel-house, covered with dead men's bones; or hide me in a shroud, and bid me go into a new-made grave—things, that to hear them told, have often made me tremble!

Yet, all this I'll do, without a fear to move,
To live a wife, of chastity and love."

CHEERFULNESS.

"With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come,
Yet let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying gloom."

—*Shakspeare.*

CHILDREN.

"Train up a child in the way he should go,"
but first go in the way you would train up the child.

Every child that comes into the world is a delegated prophet, to herald good tidings, and "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just."

CHIVALRY.

"Could deeds my heart discover,
Could valor gain your charms,
I'd prove myself your lover
Against a world in arms."

CHRISTIANITY.

We should embrace Christianity, even on motives of prudence; for if it be false, we cannot be injured in believing it; but if true, an awful destiny in rejecting it.

There is nothing noble and generous in human character, nothing amiable and virtuous in society, nothing just and honorable in politics, which is not brought out and developed in the Christian religion.

With one half of the world, civilization has led to Christianity; whilst in the other half, Christianity is leading to civilization.

CIGAR.

“Alone, I’ve yet one solace left,
 Which cheers my broken heart,
 And in that thought a thousand hopes
 Come springing into birth.
 How beautiful the vision seems,
 Amidst life’s troubled cares,
 To drink a glass of good champagne
 And smoke the best cigars.”—*Mc Cabe.*

Should wicked thoughts your visions mar,
 Sit down and smoke a good cigar;
 Lean back your head, throw up your heels,
 And dream away of “Elysian” fields.

COMMANDMENTS.

P, R, S, V, R, Y, P, R, F, C, T, M, N, V, R,
 K, P, T, H, S, P, R, C, P, T, S, T, N.

Use the letter E, and decipher:

“Persevere ye perfect men,
 Ever keep these precepts ten.”

COMPASSION.

Compassion proper to mankind appears,
 Which nature witnessed when she gave us tears;
 To show by pitying looks and melting eyes,
 How with a suffering friend we sympathize.

Who can all sense of others’ ills escape ?
 Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.

COMPLAIN.

Though life to some is a pleasant dream
Or oft'times mixed with sorrow,
And though the clouds seem dark to-day
They may clear off to-morrow.
Then go ahead, nor be afraid,
A better life to gain,
You will succeed in the hour of need
If you never will complain.

COURTIER.

"True courtiers should be honest, not over nice,
Bold, but not impudent, and free from every vice."
—*Chapman.*

CREATION.

"Prior to the great beginning,
When there was no heaven or earth,
When there was no sun or star-light,
When Creatio had no birth;
Why was silence ever broken?
Why was man to weakness born?
Why were devils made to tempt him?
Why was he left on earth to mourn?
Vast and searching are these questions,
Piercing, probing to the core,
Looking back beyond Creation.
Was there nothing, nothing more?"

CRITICISM.

“Authors are partial to their own, ’tis true,
And so are critics to their judgment, too;
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.”

“Where nature moves and rapture charms the mind,
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find;
A perfect judgment reads each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ.
‘Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.’—*Pope.*

CRITICS.

“Approves to day, what yesterday he cursed,
Censures the wise, yet extols the worst;
Pray, who can tell, so coarse the dirt he lays,
Which daubs the most, his slander or his praise!”
—*Sprague.*

“Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed in the columns of newspapers, to challenge the writings of every recruited author.”
—*Longfellow.*

CONCEIT.

Conceited thoughts, indulged without control,
Exclude all future knowledge from the soul,
For he who thinks himself already wise,
Of course, all future learning will despise;

Ah! but for this, how many might have been
Just—reputable—wise—and honest men.

Some men through life assume a part
For which no talents they possess,
Yet wonder still, with all their art,
They meet no better with success.

Devoid of talent, manner, wealth,
Of obscure origin himself,
Forgets the land whereon he grew,
And thinks himself— the Lord knows who!

CONTRIBUTION.

Not a part of Christian faith among the things
to be believed, but a part of Christian practice
among the things to be performed.

CONVERSATION.

“Let your conversation be pleasant, without
scurrility; witty, without affectation; free without
indecentcy; learned, without conceit, and novel,
without falsehood.”

Tho' conversation in its better part
May be esteemed a gift and not an art,
Yet much depends to all the gifted toil
On proper culture in a proper soil.

The object of all conversation is to entertain and
amuse; society, therefore, to be agreeable should
never be made the arena of dispute.

The pleasure of conversation consists in the enjoyment of each other's excellencies, and not in the triumph of each other's imperfections.

Conversation is the music of the mind; it is an intellectual orchestra, where all the instruments should play a part, yet only one play his part at the proper time.

Some men are silent for want of information, but how many are talkative for want of sense!

A man too full of conversation is like an overflowing fountain—the surplus soon creates a puddle.

In conversation sometimes we find
That men are differently inclined;
With talent quite distinct, yet each,
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
With tempers too, as much the same
As milk or acid, ice or flame;
Their speech by properly sustaining
May all prove highly entertaining.

Don't talk too much, and then you've nought to
fear,
But say what's sensible; let others hear;
In this the skill of conversation lies,
And which will make you both polite and wise.

Few persons think less of what they say than answering correctly what is said to them; 'tis listening attentively and answering to the purpose that constitutes the perfection of conversation.

COWARD.

“That man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in some generous act of kindness, is a wretch, and whom to call a coward would be the basest flattery.”—*Tobin*.

“Thou coward slave, thou little valiant, but great in villainy, ever strong, when on the stronger side, who dost not fight but when fortune teaches safety. Thou rampant fool to wear a lion's hide; doff it for shame and hang a sheepskin on thy recreant limbs.”—*Shakspeare*.

CORRUPTION.

“What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?”

COURTSHIP.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying,
and a little lying.

"There's nothing like manœuvering in season,
 Ye parents who have daughters to dispose of,
 Especially if you have any reason
 To think, like spinisters, they will not go off.
 There may be one in twenty thousand chances
 Some man with money may propose advances."

"He that would win his girl must do
 As love does when he draws his bow:
 With one hand thrust his lady from,
 But with the other pull her home."—*Butler*.

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round;
 We'll talk of love till midnight's hour is past,
 While the old folks in bed are sleeping sound."
 —*Dawes*.

'Tis sweet to court a pretty girl, but ah, alas, how
 bitter,
 To be refused by her you love, and find you can-
 not get her.

How swiftly pass the hours away,
 When thou, dear girl, art by my side;
 With thee each year would seem a day
 Should you consent to be my bride.

"'Tis ecstasy when happy lovers meet,
 In some lone spot, where not a sound is heard,

Save their own sighs, or the unequal beat,
 Of their young hearts to tender wishes stirr'd.
 When hand seeks hand and melting glances
 tell,
 The unutter'd tale of love—too sweetly well.”
 —*Mrs. Welby.*

“Flatter and praise commend—extol their graces,
 Tho' ne'er so ugly, say they have angel's faces;
 That man who has a tongue is no man,
 If with that tongue he cannot win a woman.”
 —*Shakspeare.*

COURTING.

“As rivers which their sources find
 In mountain summits parted wide,
 They meet at last and find the sea,
 To mingle in one common tide;
 So we of different states and clime,
 Strangers for years, our race did run,
 Till fate decreed in course of time
 Our fortunes should be merged in one.”
 —*Mrs. Townsend.*

True did the fates my hopes decree
 When at the springs I tarried,
 'Twas there I met the one I loved,
 Whom afterwards I married.
 Altho' from different states we came
 Our mutual pledges taken,
 The tide of union changed the name
 Of S—— into A——.

Good-night, good-night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly,
'Tis time to go—thou hearest
The city watchman's cry:
Past twelve o'clock.

O! stay a moment longer,
Alas! why is it so?
The wish to stay grows stronger
And yet 'tis time to go.
Past one o'clock.

Now wrap your shawl around you,
I think the clock is wrong,
For when I am without you,
The hours are twice as long."
Past two o'clock.

Again I hear that warning,
Had ever time such flight?
Methinks the day is dawning
The hour is past midnight.
Past three o'clock.

Sweetheart, I say good-night!
I'd like to talk some more,
The moon is at its height,
Now, pray, show me the door.
Past four o'clock.

Well, if you thus will leave me,
Don't take me by surprise,

Just wait *one hour* longer
And then the sun will rise.

Past five o'clock.

COQUETTE.

Vain with the idea, she every man can please,
She spends her life in learning whom to tease,
Her affectation meets with no regard,
Contempt from women is her last reward.

A kind of fish which neither hook or line,
Nor snare, or trap, or net, can make her thine,
She must be baited and be tickled too,
Or she will not be caught what'er you do.

I will not marry, for I cannot get
The man I want, but one I've yet
To choose from all, at least a score;
But ah, alas! I sigh for more.

"Who has not heard coquettes complain
Of half their life mispent in vain?
For time that's lost they pine and waste,
But love's sweet pleasures never taste."—*Gay*.

There are too many among the fair sex so unreliable that were you to offer one of them a mint-julep she would spurn the idea of drinking it, but at the same time would take a French "liqueur" if she ever knew its ingredients were the same as the julep

COFFIN.

There is one piece of furniture which we all want and must have, and, strange to say, we never purchase it, yet our friends pay for it after we are dead. It is our coffin.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment here will add far more
Of bliss than we possessed,
By faith we can secure a home,
And be forever blessed.
Then why should we, let troubles rise
When earthly good retires?
For here "there's no abiding place,"
But *one*, when life expires.

Tho' humble be my little cot
With wife and children nigh,
I am contented with the spot
Which money cannot buy.
'Tis not the mighty piles of gold
That sweetens life alone,
But knowing what you have and hold.
Is honestly your own.

"'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow."

"'Tis said that frail, inconstant man,
Is ne'er content with what he is;
Each thinks he can in others scan
A happiness more pure than his."—*Watson*.

The wicked are never happy, although possessed of everything the world can give; the righteous are never miserable, although deprived of everything the world can take away.

CONSPIRACY.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interior is
Like a vision or a hideous dream;
'Tis then we suffer (like a little kingdom)
The nature of an insurrection."

COMPLIMENT.

Delicate minds may be disgusted by compliments, although such compliments would please those of a grosser intellect. Some persons who despise flattery are more easily flattered by being told that they despise it.

COMPROMISE.

Where parties are obstinate or punctilious, a slight condescension may effect a great deal; a drop of oil may set a machine in motion, when a gallon of vinegar would only corrode it.

CONSTITUTION.

The Federal Constitution was ratified by the original States as follows, viz:

Delaware, Dec. 7, 1787.
 Pennsylvania, Dec. 12, 1787.
 New Jersey, Dec. 18, 1787.
 Georgia, Jan'y 2, 1788.
 Connecticut, Jan'y 9, 1788.
 Massachusetts, Feb'y 6, 1788.
 Maryland, April 28, 1788.
 South Carolina, May 23, 1788.
 New Hampshire, June 21, 1788.
 Virginia, June 26, 1788.
 New York, July 26, 1788.
 North Carolina, Nov. 21, 1789.
 Rhode Island, May 29, 1790.

CONTEMPLATION.

“From every object in creation
 We get a hint for contemplation,
 And from the basest and the mean
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.”—*Gay*.

CONSCIENCE.

“Not all the glory or the praise,
 That decks the hero's prosperous days,
 The shout of men, the laurel crown,

The loud applause of just renown
Can conscience's dreadful sentence drown."

—*Holford.*

—♦♦—
"In early youth the conscience rarely gnaws,
So much as when in riper years it draws,
But at three score and ten, the account of evil
Shows a heavy credit balance with the Devil."

—*Byron.*

CONFIDENCE. —♦♦—

He that tells his friends all he thinks about
them, may rest assured those friends will tell his
enemies much they do not think of *him*.

CONSOLATION. —♦♦—

All things must fade in course of time,
Our brightest prospects fly,
The fairest thing in all the earth
Is only bound to die.
Console thyself, nor let thy cares
To this poor world be given,
Nor let the thought be once forgot,
We'll have a home in heaven.

—♦♦—
It should be a comfort to us all, in affliction,
cares and calamities, that if we lose anything and
get more wisdom by the loss, we are still the
gainer in the end.

COUNTRY.

“Whenever the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
'Tis then I enjoy so many things
From the hands of our country-girls.
Let city prudes who roll in silk
Or set at the costly board,
Just think of the bowl of butter-milk
By homespun beauty poured.
These are the ones who all through life
Make the best material for a wife.”

“Let Spain boast the treasures that grow in her
mines;
Let France, too, rejoice in her olives and vines;
In bright, sparkling jewels, let India prevail,
And Arabia's sweet odors perfume every gale;
'Tis our union of States which gives us a fame,
That protects every man with liberty's name.”

COUNTENANCE.

“His very face was a full receipt (already
stamped) for perfidy, cowardice and villany;
'twould make a scarecrow in a field of scoundrels.”

CORSET.

“No longer should the body tightly laced,
From the full bosom to the slender waist,
To give a shape or harmony express,
Small by degrees, and beautifully less.”--*Prior.*

CHURCH.

“Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some go to learn the parson’s name,
Some go there to spread his fame;
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation;
Whilst others go to sleep and nod,
How few go there to worship God.”

CURIOSITY.

“As down a pane of glass two rain-drops chase,
Curious, we watch to see which wins the race;
Or let two dogs beneath our window fight,
We’d stop our prayers just to enjoy the sight.”

—*Sprague.*

CURSES.

“May the grass wither beneath his feet! the
woods deny him shelter! the earth a home! the
dust thereof a grave, and Heaven a God! and for
my sympathy let Hell be his abiding place.”—

Byron.

DANDY.

Tho’ your figure be gracefully deck’d,
And your nature be tender and kind,
With the girls you secure no respect,
They say you’re deficient in mind.

By the smile that shines in your face
And the manner in which you are dressed,
The soul of discernment can trace
What the minds of these girls have expressed.
With such weakness your notions abound
As you boldly your nonsense declare,
Each one of them surely has found
Such a fool won't do for the *fair*.
That you are deficient in taste,
Will surely be known round about,
That you should leave their presence in haste
Precludes the least shadow of doubt.

Fantastic, proud, and always vain,
From such a man you've nought to gain,
He laughs with counterfeited glee
At others' jokes--no joke has he;
His emptiness will sure betray
A shallow stream from a muddy way.

False this doctrine I do aver,
Looks we oft interpret wrong,
Women, like men, too often err,
In eyes, in looks, in heart and tongue.

DEBAUCH.

"The joys from such pleasures do often arise
From passion and lust, and are never sincere,
They are taken in haste, or snatched by surprise,
Interrupted by doubt and created in fear."

DEATH.

“Soon will this lingering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid, melancholy frame!
Soon will these eyes their trembling lustre close,
To sink in dreamless sleep of long repose!
Soon will this troubled spirit seek the bourne,
Where hushed in slumber grief forgets to mourn!”

“Methinks I saw the ghastly spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye and wave the palid hand;
His sleepless spirit stalking from the tomb,
Fortells my fate and summons me to come.”

“O, may I (with life’s last prayer still trembling
on my lips)
Sink to repose in calm unruffled peace,
Like the mild glory of the setting sun,
And when the mighty change shall come,
May I awake, bright as the orb of day,
When from the east he rises in his strength,
To prove there is a God.”

The man who is born but once, dies twice—but
he that is born twice dies but once.

How awful must thy summons be, O, death!
To him who is at ease in all his wealth;
Counting all things as pleasure whilst at home,
Yet losing all his interest in the world to come.

The time draws near, a few brief days will close
To me this transitory scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of time now warns me to resign
All hope, and peace, and friendship, which were
mine.

The grave is near the cradle seen,
The moments swiftly pass between,
And whisper as they fly:
Unthinking man, remember this,
Now fond of every worldly bliss,
You must be called to die.

Death has been called "the King of terrors;" he
is certainly the terror of kings; and if he be an
evil without end, he is likewise an end of all evil.

DEBT.

Take my advice, for it is good and 'tis true,
Although, dear friend, you may doubt it,
I'll tell you the secret, it may benefit you,
I have tried it, and know all about it;
'Tis simply this: don't incur debt any more,
'Tis the worst of all things to bring sorrow,
Just think of the man who calls at your door
For a debt you put off till "to-morrow."
So don't go in debt but take this advice,
If your clothes are all faded and greasy,
Fit them up, wash them out, 'tis better by far;
When out of debt, you can take the world easy.

There's nothing that I fear of all the worldly ills,
So much disturbs my mind as the grocer's lengthy
bills,

For in my better days I got credit such a way,
Which now I find indeed so troublesome to pay.

DECEIT.

Some there are who tell you oft,
'Tis wrong to trust these cruel men,
They will deceive in accents soft,
And cheat the sex, nine out of ten;
But when the truth you would discover
Look him boldly in the eye,
Then you'll find, if a true lover,
His looks alone will truth supply.

Oh! who can tell where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
I'll travel all the world around
To kneel one moment at her feet;
Show me on earth a thing so rare
Then I will prove the fact most true,
To make one maid sincere and fair
Would be the utmost heaven could do.

Her hand, the softest I ever felt,
When cold would burn, when dry would melt;
It was her heart so many cheated,
Just like an icicle when heated.

"I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love;
In friendship I early was taught to believe;
My passion the matrons of prudence reprove,
I have found that a friend may profess—yet
deceive."

"The ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay,
And spreads its dark deceitful pall
To hide what wastes away."

"If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit."

DEPRAVITY.

"Our nature's totally depraved,
The heart a sink of sin,
Without a change we can't be saved,
We must be born again."

Nothing can afford us a more proper appreciation of the depravity of human nature than an exact knowledge of our own corruption.

DESIGN.

When any great designs thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner and the end.

“He that intends well, yet deprives himself of means to put his good thoughts into deeds, deceives his purpose of the due reward.”

DESPAIR.

“The fond illusions I have cherished,
At last, too true, they all have perished,
Anticipations once so fair,
There’s nothing which I cannot bear,
In pain or pleasure but despair.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor heed the spirit’s flame,
’Tis time to put our trust in God
And call upon his name.

DESTINY.

How many men are wheeled to hell in a chariot
of pleasure! How many are whipped to heaven by
the scourge of affliction!

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Now, such is man’s philosophy,
When woman proves untrue,
The loss of one should teach him—
Why, make some other do.

Whilst in the dark, on her soft hand I hung,
And heard the sweetest lisps of her tongue,
What thought, what darts, what anguish I endured,
But when she struck a light—my love was cured.

—*Marshal.*

"I loved her well, I would have loved her better,
Had love met love, but that confounded letter
Give me to understand I could not get her.

I loved Miss Emma dearly,
Her favor I have prized,
She caught me first and early
By the beauty of her eyes;
The hopes my soul had cherished
Has withered, one by one,
And though her love has perished,
I live to linger on.
Perchance, some future day
That love may be restored,
And I be called to love again
The girl I once adored.

DISCONTENT.

"'Tis said that frail, inconstant man,
Is ne'er content with what he is;
Each thinks he can in others scan
A happiness more pure than his."—*Watson*.

DISCRETION.

May all her beauties, like my hopes, be blasted,
And, sorrow, shame, and sickness overtake her;
Just twelve long months my love for her has lasted,
But now 'tis prudence calls me, to forsake her.

DISEASE.

"Some men are brought to worse distresses
By taking physic than diseases;
And, therefore, generally recover
Just as the doctors give them over."—*Butler*.

DISPOSITION.

"It was not mirth; for mirth she was too still,
It was not music; for that she had no will,
But a pleasing conversation, which, with ease,
Pleased all about her, from a desire to please."
—*Byron*.

DISSENSION.

"Alas! how slight a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love;
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied."—*Moore*.

DISSIPATION.

By certain, fixed, and settled laws of Nature excess brings on its own punishment, and dissipation destroys that constitution which temperance would preserve. Every debauchee "offers up his body a living sacrifice to sin."

DISTANCE.

In the United States a mile is 1,760 yards.

" England	"	1,760	"
" Netherlands	"	1,093	"

In Germany, a mile is 10,120 yards.

“ France, “ 3,025 “

“ Scotland, “ 1,984 “

“ Ireland, “ 2,038 “

“ Sweden, “ 11,700 “

“ Spain, “ 2,472 “

DIVORCE.

’Twas once I hovered round about you
And thought I could not live without you,
But as we’ve lived six months asunder,
How! I lived with you, is a wonder.

DOUBT.

Cowardice asks, Is it *safe*? Expediency asks,
Is it *politic*? Vanity asks, Is it *popular*? Con-
science asks, Is it *right*?

’Tis a question I must parry,
Or a wayward truant prove;
Where I love I cannot marry,
Or where I marry cannot love.
Love will never bear enslaving,
So it cannot prove the best;
Bliss itself is not worth having
If by compulsion only blest.

In many cases where we doubt the propriety of
doing a thing, we ask, Is there any harm in it? but
never think of a better answer, Is there any harm
in letting it alone and not doing it?

DREAM.

“Alas! I wake; 'tis gone, for never
 Mine such bliss can ever be;
 Or I would sleep, and sleep forever,
 Could I, thus always dream of Thee.”

DREAMS.

“Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
 When mighty Reason sleeps this mimic wakes;
 How many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 Which neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.”

—*Dryden.*

DRESS.

The dress of a modern lady is a perfect mystery:
 It is flounced and frilled; furbelowed and fluted;
 folded and frizzled; paniered and puffed; pinned
 back and plaited; sashed and shirred; corded and
 corseted; looped and laced; bowed and buttoned;
 trailed and twisted, with other innumerable at-
 tachments—characteristic of the Centennial.

DRUNKENNESS.

“Man, with raging drink inflamed,
 Becomes more savage and untamed;
 Supplying loss of wit and sense
 With blasphemy and insolence.
 And thinks himself, the less he's able,
 Heroic, brave, and formidable,
 Whilst others see 'tis all in vain
 Until he's sobered down again.”

"Time wears me away,"
Says the drunkard each day,
 "Ere I scarce have arrived at my prime;"
"Hold! Hold! not so fast,"
Says the scholar in haste,
 "For I think it is you, that wastes time."

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk,
The most of life is but intoxication;
Glory and wine and love and gold—in all are sunk
The hope of every man and every nation."
—Byron.

Every living creature that exists becomes thirsty,
but it is only man that quenches his thirst by
drunkenness.

Strange, men will drink until they sink
In damning, deep despair;
With liquid fire destroy the mind,
If pressed with grief or care.
'Tis only man that doth carouse
In bumpers flowing o'er,
Whilst adding to his grief and care
He suffers more and more.

DUELLING.

"Honor's a puff of noisy breath,
Still men expose their blood
To gain an everlasting death,
Yet loose all earthly good."

"If all 'seconds' were as averse to duels as their 'principals,' it might spare many valuable lives."

"It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
This cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your body, ten paces off or so."—*Byron*.

EATING,

"The turnpike road to people's hearts I find
Lies thro' their mouths, or I mistake mankind."
—*Pindar*.

It has been clearly demonstrated that a man of threescore years and ten will consume in sixty years as follows:

Of beef, 12,000 pounds; of pork, 9,000 pounds; of mutton, 10,000 pounds; of poultry, 20,000 pounds; of fish, 18,000 pounds; of salt meats, 8,000 pounds; of vegetables, 17,000 pounds; of pastry, 6,500 pounds; of fruit, 3,500 pounds; of butter, 3,300 pounds; of eggs, 15,000; of bread, 7,000 pounds; of wine, 1,000 gallons; of alcoholic liquors, 800 gallons; of tea and coffee, 3,600 gallons; of confectionery, 5,000 pounds. Total, 120,000 pounds per year. It is not one pound per day for three meals, everything included.—*Soyer*.

ECONOMY.

He who lives according to the dictates of Nature
will never be poor; whilst he who violates her
laws by luxury and extravagance will never be rich.

ECSTASY.

"A taste of such bliss is a life ere it closes,
'Tis the sweetness of fragrance from thousands of
roses."—*Wetmore.*

"Love, fame, ambition, avarice—are all the same,
For all are meteors by a different name."—*Byron.*

EDUCATION.

"Why did my parents send me to the schools.
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind,
Since the desire to learn, first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind?"
—*Spencer.*

A base assertion, tho' by Spencer made,
Unless, perchance, he was the fool in question;
If learning proves corruption to mankind,
Then truly he has made a wise suggestion.

EGOTISM.

Some men, to gain a little more of fame,
Do oft claim kindred with a better name;
Filled up with vanity, devoid of common sense,
They've nought to boast of, but their impudence.

ELOQUENCE.

“There’s a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;
’Tis the look, the expression, the well-chosen word,
By whose magic and power our feelings are stirr’d.
’Tis the smile, with the gesture—the soul-stirring
pause—

The eye’s sweet expression, that melts while it
awes—

The kind, soft persuasion and musical tone—
Oh! such are the charms of an eloquent one.”

—*Mrs. Walby.*

“He scratched his ear, the infallible resource,
To which embarrassed people have recourse.”

—*Byron.*

“His words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing crowd collected ’round;
Yet still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.”

—*Goldsmith.*

“At length he ceased; that silence now was broke
Which reign’d triumphant while our hero spoke;
And then was heard, amidst the general pause,
One simultaneous burst of loud applause.”—*Watson.*

“The popular harangue, the grand debate,
The last reply, the logic, wisdom, wit,
Then the loud laugh—I love to hear them all.”

—*Couper.*

"Men are more eloquent than women made,
But women are more powerful to persuade;"
'Tis when they want a shawl or silken dress
They show what powers of speech they do possess.

EMBRACE.

The roses on your cheek were never made
To bless the eye alone and then to fade;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being,
To please no other sense than that of seeing;
But both ambitious for celestial bliss,
The point's decided, when you get a kiss.

EMOTION.

"I think there is a certain love between us,
For Cupid, that little artful boy of Venus,
Has, with his arrow, pierced my heart so skillful
Deeply I feel the wound, but 'tis quite willful."

ENGLAND.

"A power whose possessions have dotted the surface of the whole globe, whose navy may be seen to whiten every harbor, whose morning drum may be heard with the rising sun, and, keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continued and unbroken strain of the martial notes of England."

ENJOYMENT.

“Consider man in every sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That make one wretched; God is just;
We're born a restless, needy crew,
Show me a happier man than you.”—*Gay*.

ENNUI.

The only element of our nature which, if added to a deep, damning sense of guilt, extinguishes every pleasure on earth, and creates a hell within the soul, of its own origin.

ENVY.

He who would free from envy pass his days
Must live obscured, and never merit praise.

“If, on the sudden, man begins to rise
No other man can count his enemies.”

“Many persons speak the truth when they say
‘that they despise riches and promotion,’ but they
mean the riches and promotion of other men.”

EPITAPH.

“Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which when alive did vigor give
To as much beauty as could live.”

"Beneath this slab my wife doth lie,
She's now at rest and so am I.
Just keep that slab in' proper plight,
For if she rises, there'll be a fight."

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

"As Adam first by Eve was fooled,
A case that's still quite common;
Here lies a man by woman ruled,
But the Devil ruled the woman."—*Burns*.

Underneath this slab doth lie,
Back to back, my wife and I.
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she wakes up I'll just lie still.

ERROR.

The errors which we commit to-day should guard
us against those we are likely to commit to-morrow.

ESTEEM.

However high a man may estimate himself, the
world will judge him by any other standard
than his own.

ETERNITY.

A day without yesterday, or to-morrow—a line
without an end.

When Gabriel rings the last bell of the universe, the sermon to be preached on that occasion will be strictly heard, and command the attention of all created intellects.

Eternity is a depth which no *geometry* can measure, no *arithmetic* calculate, no *imagination* conceive, and no *rhetoric* describe.

ETIQUETTE.

"Etiquette is the barrier which society draws around itself as a protection against offences which the 'law' cannot meddle with."

So much depends upon suavity of manners that some people with all their merits become disgusting, whilst others become agreeable with all their imperfections.

EXAMPLE.

"For as the light
Not only serves to show, but renders us
Mutually profitable; so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live."

—Chapman.

EXCELLENCE.

That man whose *moral* or *intellectual* excellence has caused envy, malice, or hatred during life, is the surest to be revered for his excellence when consigned to the tomb.

He who acquires excellence in any manner at the expense of morals is not profited by his education.

EXERCISE.

Rise early and take exercise in plenty,
But always take it with your stomach empty;
Eat slowly, but masticate your food,
Then go to work again, 'twill do you good.
Don't call a doctor ever to attend you,
In health you'll live until old age will end you.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

EYES.

"The fair black eye, the melting blue,
I cannot choose between the two;
But she is dearest, all the while,
Who throws on me the sweetest smile."—*Holmes*.

Just as the sun doth glorify the skies,
So is her face illumin'd by her eyes;
And tho' the sun must set, nor moon shine bright,
Those eyes will sparkle like the stars at night.

“From the glance of her eye
Shun danger and fly,
For fatal’s the eye of Kate Kearny.”
I’ll do no such thing,
But to Kate Kearny cling
In despite of such Irish blarney.

In those dark eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with your face.

FACTS.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, a true friend; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the greatest medicine, contentment.

FAITH.

“’Tis only to confess,
And humbly to believe,
That what you ask in Jesus’ name
You surely will receive.”—*Watts*.

Whate’er may be your want
Go tell Him all you need;
Put all your trust in Him alone,
And this is faith indeed.

Faith sustains the same relation to works that lightning does to thunder. "Faith without works is dead," and lightning without thunder is ineffective.

◆◆◆
FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood, though often rocked by truth, soon outgrows the cradle and discharges the nurse.

Some men are so notorious for speaking lies that they are not believed when they tell the truth, whilst men of undoubted veracity are believed though they utter what is false.

◆◆◆
FAME.

If we would perpetuate our fame we must do something worth writing, or write something worth reading.

"With fame in just proportion envy grows,
The man that makes a character, makes foes."
— *Young.*

Not always so, for some have made a fame
By generous deeds, and left a noble name.

It was a wise remark of Cato: "I would rather posterity should inquire, why no statues were erected to my memory, than why they were."

"What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some say 'tis climbing up a hill,
Whose summit is forever lost in vapor."
—Byron.

FAMINE.

Lo! a dread famine stalks abroad the land,
Omniscient God withholds His bounteous hand;
Sinners, behold a righteous judgement sent
On your accursed heads for time misspent.

FANATICISM.

"A fictitious fervor in religion, fanned by false
enthusiasm, inflamed by hatred."

FAREWELL.

Fare thee well, yet think awhile,
On one who would not dare to doubt you;
I'd rather see that pleasant smile
And *die* at home than live without you.
—Moore.

My weeping eyes may never more behold *thee*,
My feeble arms may never more enfold *thee*,
To this sad heart I never more may press *thee*,
But day and night I ever more shall bless *thee*.

Who can conceive who has not proved
The anguish of a last embrace,
When forced from her you truly loved
And bid a long farewell in peace?

FARMERS.

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath hath made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
If once destroyed can never be supplied."

—*Goldsmith.*

FASHION.

Pray, why should I mingle in Fashion's base herd.
Why crouch to her leaders or cringe to her rules?
Why bow to the proud or approve the absurd,
Or search for delight in the friendship of fools?

Fashion's an idol which we all adore
Both men and women praise her, less or more,
If once a tailor doth some style conceive,
We leave our measure and his taste believe;
Or milliner, with not less skill, transforms a dress,
And then the pocket suffers more or less.

FASTING.

"Is the diet of angels, the food of souls, and the
nourishment of grace."—*Lowthe.*

FATE.

"'Tis with an equal pace impartial Fate
Visits the palace and the cottage gate."
—*Pope.*

"'Tis true the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails:
We live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the wind doth shift we set our sails."
—*Byron.*

FAULT.

If the faults of the most pious man on earth were engraved on his forehead, they would naturally make him pull his hat over his forehead to conceal the same.

FAVOR.

He who receives a favor should never forget it; but he who bestows one should never remember it.

FEATURE.

“Bright as the sun which glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined by her eye;
But if she frowns we stand aghast and wonder,
Just as the lightning, which foretells the thunder.”

FEMALE.

Fee-simple, or a “simple fee,”
Or all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee—
Thou best of fees—Female.

FEVER.

Thus when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And yet a poor relief we gain,
We change the place, yet keep the pain.

FICTION.

“When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe because they love a lie;
But truth itself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some better proof to pass it ‘round.”

—*Churchill.*

FIRMNESS.

To meet adversity without an exhibition of ill-humor, and to enjoy prosperity without symptoms of exultation, are the chief characteristics of a firm and noble mind.

“The noble mind unconscious of a fault,
No flattery can bend or smiles exalt;
Like the firm rock that in mid-ocean braves
The war of whirlwinds and the dash of waves.”

FIRST LOVE.

From the first hour she caught my sight
I’ve thought of her both day and night;
She kept my heart forever glowing,
No other girl could make a showing;
Whilst she my fancy seem’d to take
I loved her for her own dear sake.

FLATTERY.

“’Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery is the soul of fools,
And now and then there’re men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.”

—*Swift.*

The love of flattery, altho’ concealed by art,
Reigns more or less and grows in every heart;
The proud to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The model shun it—but to make it sure.

A man who flatters to the fair
May oft succeed, but should beware
Of her whose wisdom might perceive
He flatters only to deceive;
For some there are with modest grace
Shine more in knowledge than in face.

FLIRT.

In diamonds, curls and rich brocades,
She shines among the dancing maids,
And flutters in her pride;
She'll waltz and flirt and nonsense talk
With her painted lips and cheeks of chalk,
And wish she were a bride.

She's like a dipper at a hydrant—every one may
drink of it but none dare take it away.

I see no guile upon her face,
At least to look one would believe so;
She seems a paragon of grace,
But yet these flirts they can deceive so.

FOLLY.

“When lovely woman stoops to folly
And find too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.”

—*Goldsmith.*

When a man pretends to wit or sense,
Wishes to shine at your expense,
Ask him to explain, and then will you
His ignorance and folly show.

FOOL.

The fool in nature stares with stupid eyes
And open mouth that testifies surprise;
He moves along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistles as he walks for want of thought.

FORBEARANCE.

“The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.”—*Cowper.*

FORGIVENESS.

Oh, may I walk in perfect faith, and by that pre-
cept live,
Which call so loud on every man—“to give and
to forgive.”

FORGOTTEN.

Forget thee! No, there still exists
A place within my heart,
Which I shall ever keep for thee,
Dear friend where'er thou art;
Wherever fate shall mark thy path
By mountain, plain or sea,
Thy presence I shall not forget,
For I'll remember thee.

FORTITUDE.

There is nothing in life more sweet to a tender sensibility than to find a loving wife who has trod the paths of affluence, suddenly rising in mental force under misfortune, who, with an unshrinking firmness, comforts her husband during the bitter blasts of adversity. 'Tis Fortitude personified.

FORTUNE.

There is no fortune, however good, that may not be reversed, none so bad that it cannot be improved.

The sun that rises in splendor may set in gloom, and that which is obscured by clouds may set in grandeur.

Let not one look of Fortune cast you down;
She were not Fortune if she did not frown;
Those who act noblest, bear her scorns awhile,
Prove those at last on whom she most will smile.

The mutability of fortune is such that the poor have but little to lose, whilst the rich have a great deal to fear.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which at flood-tide to fortune tends;”
But Shakspeare never told us when
The tide goes down—to him who spends.

“As many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
So many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that’s broken.”

—*Scott.*

FREEDOM.

“Easier is it to hurl the rooted mountain from its base than force the yoke of slavery upon men determined to be free.”

Oh, Freedom! Liberty! Heaven’s best gift to man,
To execute at will each wondrous plan;
Deprived of Freedom all our joys grow dim,
Tho’ pleasure’s cup should overflow the brim;
Yet there’s a freedom, oh! most glorious thought,
Not to be fetter’d or in bondage brought;
Freedom of conscience —’bove the world’s control
To light forever the immortal soul.

FRIENDSHIP.

I hate that friendship which doth need
A moneyed bribe its fires to feed;

'Tis that which acts the nobler part
That comes unfettered from the heart.

The friendship of that man who sticks by you
in the dark hours of adversity, is far more reliable
than that of him who seeks the sunshine of your
prosperity.

I'd rather meet a brave and manly foe,
(Courage and candor may avert his blow,)
But of all men, great heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save me, I pray thee, from a drunken friend.

"How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we can always with safety depend;
Our joys when extended will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hushed into peace."
—*Smith.*

"Who shall compare Love's mean and gross desire,
To the chaste zeal of Friendship's sacred fire?
Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays
But Friendship like the sun's eternal rays—
No power on earth can e'er exhaust the flame
Which shines so bright and ever burns the same."
—*Gay.*

"'Tis always in the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends;
Who friendship with a knave hath made
Is judged a partner in the trade."

In calm composure I had fondly thought,
In thee I found the friend my heart had sought;
I fondly dreamed ere Summer's days were gone
Thy heart and mine would mingle into one.

He is a happy man who finds a friend in need,
but he is more fortunate who never needs a friend.

That friendship you boast of deserves not the name,
For friendship and love are forever entwined;
Whilst yours is deceit and is never the same,
As it comes from a heart that is never refined.

Friendship often ends in love,
But love in friendship never;
The reason why—if love be true—
Friendship is merged forever.

FUNERALS.

Every funeral is but an additional notice of
preparation for death; to neglect this warning in
youth, is like sleeping on our post of danger, with
the enemy in sight; but to disregard it in old age,
is to sleep during the attack.

Yes, day by day, and month by month we passed,
It pleased the Lord to take my spouse at last;
I tore my gown, I soiled my head with dust,
I smote my breast, as lonely widows must;
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did not shed.—*Pope.*

Why is the hearse, with fringe and velvet round,
Or deck'd with nodding plumes of ostrich crowned?
The dead, who know it not, no profit gain,
But yet it serves to prove, the living vain.—*Gay.*

FUTURITY.

“The earth, with its varied face, is but the symbol of the ‘Past,’ whilst the pure air of heaven is the symbol of the ‘Future.’ ”

GAMBLING.

“Some play for gain; to pass the time, some play
For nothing; others play the fool I say;
But neither time, nor money, idly spend,
For though you gain by play, you're loser in the
end.”—*Heath.*

Four persons sat down, at a table to play,
They played all the night, and part of next day,
No others played with them, and when they were
seated,
Each played for himself, not one of them cheated;
And when they rose up, each was winner a dollar,
If you decipher this riddle, I'll think you're a
scholar.

GENIUS.

Such is the fate of genius: to pass through life,
with little sympathy, and less cash.—“*Sam Slick.*”

Nature scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some are choked by the thorns of adversity, others strike root and struggle into sunshine, to spread over their birth-place the beauties of prosperity.

The majority of mankind may sneer at the noble soul they cannot imitate, and rebuke the nature they cannot comprehend, but Genius, like the fabled bird of Eden in its upward flight, will reflect from its pinions the radiant hues of Paradise.

GENTLEMAN.

“His years but young, but his experience old,
His head unmellow’d, but his judgment ripe,
And in a word—
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all the graces that adorn a gentleman.”

“I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring or more noble, is now alive,
To grace society with noble deeds.”

—*Shakespeare.*

GIRLS.

“Girls, a simple tale I would relate,
And the lesson you must carry,
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But a proper time to marry.”—*Cowper.*

GOD.

Some men believe there is no God to confide in;
yet they find a God to swear by; the oath exem-
plifies its own value.

“The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains,
His realm forever lasts, the great Jehovah reigns.”

GOLD.

All is not gold that glitters,
Though it makes the vulgar stare,
For those we deem the richest
Have oft the least to spare.

An idol worshipped in all countries, without a
single temple, and by all classes, in every climate,
without a hypocrite.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye dear friend, to you good-night,
With pleasing dreams, and slumbers light;
But stop a moment—won't you take
Something good for your stomach sake?
Indeed I will—since I come to think—
Come join me in a final drink.

GOSPEL.

“Oh! how many still are found,
Strangers to its joyful sound,

Father, let Thy kingdom come,
Bring these wandering sinners home."

"Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
He shall be damned who won't believe."

—Watts.

GOSSIP.

Some men (and women, too, often) addicted to this vice, are like narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them in truth, the more fuss they make in pouring it out.

Don't talk about your neighbors,
Their sorrows or their cares;
You'll find enough to do, sir,
To mind your own affairs.
The world is full of idle folks,
You can afford to shirk,
For there's crowds of people ready
To do such dirty work.

Said Mrs. C. to Mrs. A.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me that Mrs. B.
Takes too much *something* in her tea."
Then Mrs. A. went right away
And told a friend that very day:

“How sad to think!” with a cruel wink,
“That Mrs. B. was fond of drink.”
So Mrs. B. saw Mrs. C.—
“What’s that, you wretch, you said of me?”
“I only said, ‘It appeared to me
“You mixed a liquor in your tea;’”
“Suppose I did—what’s that to you?—
To scandalize your neighbor too—
You know full well, if you would think,
There’s nothing like a pleasant drink,
When one feels bad, we something take,
As the scripture say, ‘for your stomach’s sake.’”

GOVERNMENT.

“In a free country there is often much complaint with little suffering; whilst in a despotic government there is little complaint but much grievance.”

GRACE.

’Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through the Son.—*Watts.*

The “Grecian Bend” in a woman is not so graceful as the bend over the wash-tub, or the cradle, much less bending at the altar in prayer.

GRACES.

There's many a girl will pass as "*fair*,"
Because a merry heart dwells there;
Whilst others with more beauty shine,
Drest up like peacocks, all so fine;
The reason's plain; so, boys, beware,
Good looks with manners won't compare.

GRATITUDE.

Those who *feel* the spirit of gratitude in receiving a kindness, only want an opportunity to display the spirit of generosity in bestowing one.

All that I own and all I have
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign.

GRAVE.

"Here masters, servants, poor and rich,
Partake the same repose,
And here in peace their ashes mix,
Of those who once were foes."

The last public inn, "with lodgings for one,"
A bed of cold earth, when life's journey is done,
With a slab at your head, a stone at your feet,
To point out the carcass which the vermin shall eat.

GRIEF.

As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upward borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up—to mourn.

Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
When such tender love I see;
Nor can any joy deceive me,
If that love be hid from me.

GUILT.

Indeed, no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain
He feels who night and day—devoid of rest—
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

—*Gifford.*

HABIT.

Mankind in crowds, thro' force of habit stray,
Mislead each other into Error's way;
Sin by mistake, and without thought offend,
Pursue the road, forgetful of the end.

HAPPINESS.

If you ask me from what my happiness flows,
The answer is short—“*From my wife;*”
Her cheerfulness, sense, and good nature I chose
As the beauties and charms of her life.

Could we, whilst in this world of ours,
Reject the weeds, and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it;
So bright a home would be our own,
We'd see the angels coming down,
And by possession take it.

The surest means of finding happiness in every-
thing is to seek pleasure in nothing.

"Pure and exalted love, founded on charms,
both mental and corporeal, constitutes the highest
happiness on earth; yet, for anything we know to
the contrary, may form the lowest happiness of
heaven."

"This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."—*Watts*.

If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt;
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears and wants increase the more.

I often wish that I had clear
A thousand dollars every year;
A handsome house, a loving wife,
With friends and health thro' all my life.

Love, Fame, Ambition, Avarice, 'tis all the same,
For all are meteors, by a different name.

—*Byron.*

There's nothing sought in life but harm doth
bring.
Even to be happy is a dangerous thing.

The best way to enjoy happiness is to keep both
mind and body so busy that you will have no
spare time to be miserable.

Indeed. I would not now complain,
If all the crowd were gone;
For I could find more happiness,
Were you and I alone.

HARVEST.

What noble fruits the fields produce,
The vineyards yield a pleasing juice;
The grove, the garden, and the field
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

—*Thomson.*

HATRED.

"Oh! that I and he were on the waves together,
With but one plank between us and destruction.
That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,
To plunge him 'midst the stormy billows,
And view him gasp for life."—*Maturin.*

"Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure,
We love in haste, but show our hate at leisure."
—Byron.

"When I loved you, I can but allow,
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.
So whether we're off or we're on,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you was pleasant enough,
But now 'tis delicious to hate you."
—Moore.

Offend her, if she loves you she'll forgive;
Oblige her, if she hates you don't believe
That she's in earnest, but try her once again,
You'll find she'll soon decide twixt love and
pain.

HEART.

Hearts are like flint—yet flint is rent;
Hearts are like steel—yet steel is bent;
Some soft, some hard, 'tis often said;
Of what material is *your* heart made?

Your heart is not on honour bent,
Nor can I condescend to love;
I will not dare, had I the power,
Such a vile heart as yours to move.

HEAVEN.

Through life many tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest ; we need it all
To render us meet for Heaven.

Tell me, my sacred soul,
Yes tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place,
From sorrow, sin, and death ?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest ?

Yes !

Faith, Hope, and Love, to mortals given,
Points out that place—'tis only Heaven.

“Through life we'll pass with hearts as one,
Our souls no one can sever ,
To seek that bright and happy home,
Where love endures forever.”

—*Mrs. Townsend.*

Yes, when you reach the pearly gates,
Outside you'll have to tarry ;
The Bible says, in Heaven, most true,
That people never marry.
Get a divorce before you leave,
Your marriage tie dis sever ;
Go it alone, and then renew
That love which lasts forever.

HELL.

Where is hell? Anywhere outside of Heaven.

HEALTH.

"The surest road to health, say what we will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
For most of evils, we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow."

—Churchill.

There is a great difference between those temporal blessings, health and money. The poor laborer will not part with health for money, but the rich will give all his money for health. One is envied, but not enjoyed; the other enjoyed, but not envied.

'Tis vain, through infinite trouble and strife,
How many their labors employ;
For all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they wish, may enjoy.

HOME.

"The scenes of home are rendered happy or miserable, in proportion to the good or evil influence exercised over them by woman."

"Man through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,

Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside:
His home, that spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

—*Montgomery.*

Our early days ! How often back
We turn on life's bewildering track,
To where o'er hill and valley plays
The sunlight of our earliest days.

To make a home happy, with exquisite delight,
We should always endeavor to please;
Be in a good humor, from morning to night,
Taking all things that happen with ease.

"The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay
Provides a home from which he'll run away."

—*Young.*

He is a fool who builds without the means,
Better by far board out, to me it seems ;
He wants no home, unless he has a wife,
So go to work, and lead a happy life.

I've travelled over many plains,
Where flowers of beauty grew,
When all was pleasant to the eye
And lovely to the view ;

Have looked on things, in all their pride,
And radiant as the morn,
Yet none appeared so sweet to me
As the place where I was born.

HOMESTEAD.

"What scenes have passed in this old house,
What scenes of woe and mirth,
Since first I saw the fire blaze
Upon that good old hearth!
If that old clock that looks so grim,
Could be endowed with speech,
What startling tales it could narrate,
What sermons it could preach!
What graphic pictures it could draw
Of gladness and despair,
Of courtships, weddings, births and deaths,
Of merriment and prayer!"

HONOR.

"Does any honest man obtain that he merits?
Or any kuave merit that he obtains?"

Mine be the heart that can itself defend,
Hate to the foe, devotion to the friend!
The fearless trust, and the relentless strife,
Honor unsold, and wrong avenged with life!

HOPE.

"Unfading Hope, when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,

Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour,
 'Tis then "thy kingdom comes" Immortal
 Power!"

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallows wings;
 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures
 Kings."

—*Pope.*

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
 Man never is, but always to be blest ;
 The soul uneasy, and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates on a life to come."

"Tis very certain the desire of life
 Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians
 When patients, if not plagued with friend or wife,
 Survive through very desperate conditions ;
 Despair of all recovery, spoils longevity,
 And makes man's misery of alarming brevity."

HOSPITALITY.

'Tis in my house my friends are free,
 Free with everything they see ;
 Free to pass a harmless joke,
 Or to take a friendly smoke ;
 To eat or drink just what they please,
 As if at home. and at their ease ;
 Free to stay all night, just so !
 But if uneasy—free to go.

“His frugal breakfast shines with reputation,
His dinners are the wonder of the nation ;
With these he treats both common folks and
quality,

Where'er he goes they praise his hospitality.”

—*Wolcott.*

HOUSEKEEPER.

There's nothing worthier can be found,
In woman, than to look around,
And all her household goods survey,
And neatness in the same display.

HUNGER.

“As a man is a carnivorous production,
He must have meat, at least one meal a day ;
He cannot live, like woodchucks, upon suction,
But, like the shark or tiger, must have prey.”

HYPOCRISY.

“An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.”

—*Gay.*

Ostentatious hypocrisy creates disgust, whilst
conceited ignorance only excites pity.

Thy love is vain, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, and thy words deceit.”

—*Eyron.*

There is as much hypocrisy in the carnal as there is in a religious life. Men are often sick of this world, and think about religion, whilst professors are sick of their religion, but in love with the world.

There is no species of hypocrisy so base as that which men practice by fraud, under the guise of morality.

If the devil were to write a book, it would certainly be in praise of virtue, for those who profess to be good, would purchase it for its title, while the wicked would read it for their own ostentation.

HYPOCRITE.

“A creature of amphibious nature,
A beast on land, a fish in water;
His best attempts so mixed with sin,
A sheep without, but a wolf within.”

—Butler.

IDLENESS.

“Waste not thy spring of youth
In idle dalliance; but plant rich seeds,
To blossom in thy manhood, that may bear fruit
When you are gray with age.”

“What is the issue of your sloth?
Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure riot,
Of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending,
Of spending want, of want comes theft,
And last—of theft comes hanging.”

IGNORANCE.

He who attempts to show his learning to the ignorant generally exposes his ignorance to the learned.

“There’s many a boy returns from school,
A Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, fool;
The classics prove a stumbling block,
He never learned his ‘Hic, Hæc, Hock.’”
—*Pattison.*

INCONSTANCY.

Good-bye, dear girl, I’d rather make
My home upon the infernal lake,
Where the bright sun can never shine,
“Than trust to love as false as thine.”

“Oh, woman, your heart is a pitiful treasure,
And Mahomet’s doctrine is not too severe;
He says, ‘You are but materials of pleasure,’
And reason and thinking are out of your sphere.”

INDIFFERENCE.

“Your coolness I heed not, your frown I defy,
Your affection I need not, the time has gone by;

Not a blush or a kiss from your cheek could be-
guile,
My soul from its safety, 'tis hypocrisy's smile."
—*Osgood.*

INDOLENCE.

A want of occupation is not rest;
The mind, if vacant, is a mind distressed.

INFATUATION.

My heart was caught by her dark eyes,
I felt my soul grow tender;
What would I give for such a prize?
She's a girl of royal splendor.

If fame, and wealth, and love, were mine,
And health and youth possessed me;
I'd give the gold of Ophir's mine
To get her to caress me.

On her sweet lips I'd leave a kiss,
I never should forget it;
T'would be to me celestial bliss,
And she would not regret it.

INFIDELS.

"Julius Cæsar died proudly adjusting his robe,
that he might die gracefully; Augustus, flattering
his wife; Vespasian, jesting; Hume, joking about

Charon and his boat; Rousseau, bragging and boasting; Voltaire, cursing yet supplicating; and Tom Paine, with shrieks of agony and remorse."

INFLUENCE.

No love nor money hath the power
Like woman in the conquering hour;
Be thou but fair, mankind adore you,
But when you frown, he yields before you.

"At Beauty's door of glass,
Where Wealth and Talent stood,
They ask'd her, "Which might pass?"
She answered, "He who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass, but 'twould not do;
While Brains a diamond bought,
And cut his bright way through."

—*Moore.*

'Twill ever be the case
With her who seeks for gold;
For if she prove so base
Her happiness is sold.

INGRATITUDE.

Mén who are always blind to their own faults
are sure to discover the faults of others.

Ungrateful friends, deceitful, full of lies,
Like bees in flowers they sting us with surprise.

“If there be a crime of deeper dye than all the guilty train of human vices, 'tis base ingratitude.”

Garriek, Forrest, Booth, and Macready have each realized a richer harvest in one night, by the performance of Shakespeare's plays, than the poet and author realized by his genius which inspired the whole of them.

INJUSTICE.

“What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted,
Thrice is he arm'd who has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

—*Shakespeare.*

INSTINCT.

“Learn from the birds what food the thickets
yield;
Learn from the beasts what physic's in the
field;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to
weave,
The art of living from the ant receive.”

—*Pope.*

INSTRUCTION.

Wise men are instructed by reason; foolish men

by experience; ignorant men by necessity; and beasts only by nature.

INTELLIGENCE.

A Philosopher was asked : "What should children learn to improve their minds?" He replied: "Just what those minds would approve in old age, and nothing more."

INTEMPERANCE.

"Man, with raging drink inflamed,
Is like a savage, when untamed;
Supplying loss of wit, or sense
With blasphemy or insolence."

In youth intemperance, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age, imperfect, and unsound.

—Denham.

INVENTIONS.

Every new invention affords additional light to guide us to a new discovery; and will so continue, until all the dark corners of ignorance are visited by the rays of science.

INVITATION.

From your dinner one guest I hope you will spare,
For the charms of the country doth beckon me
there;

I'm a pilgrim of nature, and ever shall be,
Your city's too stiff—so I can't dine with thee.

JEALOUSY.

We should not complain at all times of a jealous wife, for she often speaks of a subject that pleases her husband.

JESTING.

“Of all our griefs, when once distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a cruel jest:
Fate never wounds more deep a noble heart
Than when a blockhead’s insult points the dart.”

—*Johnson.*

Improper jests untimely spoken
The closest ties have often broken;
Men will fall out, they ask not why,
Till word and anger both grow high;
Tho’ one be weak, another strong,
It often happens both are wrong.

JUDGES.

How oft our Judges, who rule by laws,
Neglect a plain and honest cause;
’Tis vile corruption, in our land,
That bribes with gold their filthy hand.
They have forgot—or never knew—
That God will judge these Judges too.

JUDGING.

The faults and weaknesses of men are known
from their enemies, their virtues and abilities from

their friends; and their lives and habits from their servants.

JUSTICE.

"It is a powerful argument, in the firm belief of a superintending Providence, that every criminal (whether sooner or later) has ever escaped the punishment he deserved at the bar of justice, or a candid confession in the hour of death."

"Justice, whilst she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes."—*Butler*.

KINDNESS.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often heal'd a heart that's broken
And made a friend sincere.—*Watson*.

KISS.

"I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse,
The tyrant's wish—'That mankind only had
One neck, which he, by one fell stroke, might
pierce;'

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And yet more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not now but only in my youth)
That every woman had a rosy mouth,
I'd kiss them, all at once, from North to South."

—*Byron*.

Of all delights, pray tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kiss?
It is a creature born and bred
Within the lips of cherry red;
By love and warm desire 'tis fed,
Elysium of the marriage bed.
It is an active flame that flies
First to the cheeks, and then the eyes;
Then, to the chin, the brow, the ear,
And frisks and flies about elsewhere;
Has it a speaking virtue? Yes!
How shall I know? Why just do this:
Apply your lips, and take that kiss,
And taste the essence of heavenly bliss.

'Twas Emma's hand I gently pressed
And stole an amorous kiss,
She, blushing, modestly confessed
It was ecstatic bliss.

Now, where is the joy, when we trifle and toy,
Yet dread some disaster from beauty?
For sweet is the bliss from a conjugal kiss
When love mingles pleasure with duty.

— *Weems.*

"Kiss the tear from her lip, you'll find the rose
Much sweeter for the dew,"
Unless the drop comes from her nose,
'Twould then embarrass you.
But draw your mouth across your sleeve,
Kiss her again, and then take leave.

"How pleasant is the welcome kiss
 When daily labor's o'er,
 And sweet the music of that step
 That meets us at the door."

—*Drake.*

"I never give a kiss," says Lou,
 "To naughty man, I do abhor it."
 She will not *give* a kiss 'tis true,
 She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it.

From the moment she printed that kiss
 Nor reason, nor rest has been mine,
 My soul has been drunk with the bliss
 And feels a delirium divine.

"When on your sweet lips for a moment I gazed
 A thousand temptations beset me,
 And I thought I could kiss till a blister I raised
 And how delicious 'twould be, if you let me."

—*Moore.*

KNOWLEDGE.

Reading furnishes the mind with the rough materials; *Reflection* prepares it for constructing; and *Study* completes the edifice.

"Who reads incessantly, yet to his reading brings
 not
 Good sense, or judgment, equal or superior,

Unlearned, unsettled, and uncertain still remains;
Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself."

—Milton.

The sublimest form of knowledge is theology, and the next is history; without the former we would be ignorant of eternity, without the latter we would be ignorant of time; deprived of one, we would know nothing of a God, deprived of the other we would be forgetful of man.

Knowledge is a commodity, the *demand* for which is always greater than the *supply*.

LABOR.

"Without attempting to unravel the great purpose of Jehovah, it was no doubt part of the Divine Economy in deputing a poor carpenter, as the foster-father of our Redeemer, to stamp upon the cause of labor the seal of His high and holy approval."

LADY.

There are some ladies who are proud to be recognized as the monthly roses of fashion; but they are not to be compared with those who are evergreens of society, flourishing always, despite of the fluctuations and changes of fashion.

LANGUAGES.

“Europe has 580; Asia, 396; Africa, 275; and America, 1,260; and there are 1,000 different forms of religion in these countries.”

LAW.

“A jury passing on a prisoner’s life
May in the twelve that’s sworn
Have a thief, or more, guiltier than him they try.”
—*Shakespeare.*

He that with injury is grieved,
And seeks the law to be relieved,
Entrusts his case to cunning men,
Who rob him of his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain
Is but to squander more in vain.

A too sensitive interpretation of the law frequently produces results not in accordance with equity.

Law and Equity are two things which God has joined together, but man has too often put asunder.

LAWYER.

A lawyer is the worst sleeper of all men. Why? First, he *lies* on one side, and then he *lies* on the other side, and yet he is “wide awake” all the time.”

LAWYERS.

Men by profession, who practice in deceit,
Who would, 'twere possible, their Maker cheat;
Religion strip of half her sacred creed,
And make those poor who are indigent indeed.

“We know that lawyers can with ease
Twist words and meanings as they please;”
So clients thus are often cheated,
Who seek the law should thus be treated.
The plaintiff goes to law for gain,
Defendant pays the cost with pain;
If both give up 'tis only when
Experience makes them better men.

“Some there are, base in intent, who flutter
round the blaze of popularity; vile mercenary
wretches, who would for gold forswear themselves,
their country and their God; yea, firm allegiance
swear to all the powers below, to buy a life of
luxury and ease.”

From sad experience we often draw,
Trite maxims that apply in law;
As every fool should know his brother,
We send one rogue to catch another.

LAZINESS.

One-half of the world do not honestly make
their board and clothing; for this misfortune one-

half of the other half suffer trials and tribulations by their laziness.

LEAP YEAR, 1868.

This event will not occur again on Saturday before the year 1936, nor has it happened but four times within a hundred years, "viz.: 1772, 1812, 1840, 1868.

LEARNING.

"Learning by study must be won,
'Tis not entailed from sire to son."—*Gay*.

"Where Learning imposes hard labor on her followers she is sure to compensate such devotion with munificent rewards."

LENT.

Good-bye to satins, silks and laces,
To swallow-tails and smiling faces;
Good-bye to opera and to ball,
Theatre, lecture, or morning call.
I'll store away my party dresses,
And straighten out my flowing tresses;
I'll sober down my girlish look,
'Tis time to hunt my lost prayer-book;
For now, with pious soul intent,
'Tis time I think I should repent;

I am informed, the parson says,
The Lent will last but forty days.
Then after, Easter joy and smiles,
In looking over the latest styles;
These things in view, I'll rest content,
To run through forty days of Lent.

LETTER.

"Pray, what did thy letter contain?"

"Not a line that a serf might not have written
an Empress."—*Lytton*.

"The earth has nothing like a *she* epistle,
And hardly heaven—for it never ends;
I love to read a female missaile,
Which never writes in truth what it intends.
Be cautious then, my friend, for you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter."

—*Byron*.

"Well, Emma, I've seen your nice billet,
It came whilst I was at dinner;
My appetite was good, but it did kill it,
Or I swear Old Satan's no sinner.
I read it, perused it, and scan'd it,
I pondered, reflected, and thought
What the devil induced you to write it;
The conclusion arrived at—was nought "

I wrote a letter to my lady love,
 'Twas filled with words of keen desire;
 I hoped to raise a flame, and so I did—
 The cruel girl—she put it in the fire.

LIBERTY.

“No monarch’s edict shall contract our powers,
 The whole unbounded continent is ours.”
 —*Pilgrims.*

“On the deep billows of the dark blue sea
 With minds as spacious, and our hearts as free.”
 —*Pilgrims.*

LIBRARIES.

Libraries are the great wardrobes of literature,
 where some authors are clothed for ornament, some
 for service, but many for curiosity.

LIES.

There are more lies told in the simple expression,
 “I am glad to see you,” than any other six words
 in the English language.

LIFE.

“Slow pass our days in childhood—every day
 seems like a century—rapidly they glide in man-
 hood; but in old age decline, and like a tale that’s
 told we pass away.”—*Bryant.*

Youth is the comma of life; *middle age* the semi-colon; *manhood* the colon; and *death* puts the period to old age.

“How frail our life, how short its date,
How insecure our mortal state!
Where is the man that draws a breath
Safe from disease or safe from death?”

“’Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
For all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil and pain.”—*Watts*.

“Man’s life is but a dream—nay less—a shadow
of a dream.”

“Live regularly, sociably, and humbly. Regularly, as to yourself, sociably to your neighbors, humbly to your God.”

This world has pleasure for us all,
As well as care and sorrow;
What tho’ the skies look dark to-day?—
They may clear off to-morrow.
Then why should we let present cares
Of former ones remind us?
They’re past and gone—so let’s forget
The ills we leave behind us.

“Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth now withering in the ground;
Thus generations in their turn decay,
So flourish *these* when *those* are past away.”

“The average of human life being 33 years, 25 per cent. die under seven, and 50 per cent. under seventeen. One person dies every second of time; of the living, one in 11,000 reach 100 years, twelve reach 75, and sixteen reach 66.”

In youth *hearts* generally win, in manhood *diamonds* are the favorites; in advanced years how often *clubs* are relied upon; but yet 'tis in old age that *spades* take all the tricks.

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve for things beyond our care;
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world's an Inn, and Death our journey's end.

—Dryden.

“Life has many sorrows,
As it has sunny hours;
Some are like sharpest thorns,
But others are like flowers.”

—Smith.

“Life’s a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.”
The reason why—no jest to tell—
I’ve lost the girl I loved so well.—*Gay.*

What is life? An empty vapor,
Soon it vanishes away;
Flickering, like a dying taper,
Here on earth how short we stay!
There is a life far more resplendent,
Brighter too than fancy paints,
Where in happiness transcendent
We’ll spend our time among the saints.

Oh! what a lump of clay
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life how poor a trifle ’tis!
It scarce deserves the name.

LIGHT.

“The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day has one;
Yet the light of this world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When our day is done.”

—*Bourdillon.*

LITERATURE.

Has her quacks as well as medicine. Some men have erudition without genius, others have fluency without brains: from one we get second-hand sense, and from the other original nonsense.

“In the morning of life it comes to us arrayed in the beauty of hope; in the evening of declining years, clothed in the beauty of recollection.”

LIVING.

Judge a man by his good deeds, and he has lived long enough; judge him by his evil deeds, he has lived too long; but judge him by his own desires, and he will never die.

LOQUACITY.

“If, in talking from morning to night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they chatter much faster than we.

—*Moore.*

LOTTERY.

He that in a lottery spends his cash
Is more or less a thief, say what you can;
For, ten to one, he stole the very trash
That bought the ticket, from another man.

LOVE.

“My heart owns none before thee—
For thee, dear girl, I thirst;
This knowing, if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.”

“Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth and more of heaven;
How happy should I feel to see
Such pleasure now 'twixt you and me.

“Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through sorrow—through glory
and shame.”

—*Moore.*

I love thee in the Springtime's blushing hour,
I love thee in the Summer's brightest day;
I love thee in Autumn's budding flower,
And love thee still in Winter, say what you may;
No, not an hour in the year will see
My heart grow cold—'tis always warm for thee.

“'Tis Love whose violent property undoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures.”—*Shakespeare.*

“He says he loves her; I think so, too; for never
gazed the moon upon the water as he'll stand and

read, as 'twere, her very eyes; and, to be plain, I think there is not half a kiss to choose who loves each other best."—*Shakespeare.*

“By the roses of the spring,
By beauty, virtue, truth and everything,
I love thee so that, spite of all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.”

“Aye, better to live in poverty with him I love than to despair in pomp and luxury, which are but as the flowers that adorn the victim before the sacrifice.”

“In submission I yield to your charms and allow
That in graces but few are above you;
And, charming and fair as I see you, I vow—
For I will not deny it—I love you.

“Oh! what a pain to love it is,
Yet 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
To love and not be loved again.”

—*Cowley.*

“I did not know I loved him so,
Until I bade him leave me;
I did not know, when he did go,
His absence thus would grieve me;

Now, since he's gone, I feel forlorn,
 I think all day about him—
 To cancel all, I'll him recall,
 I feel so sad without him."

—*Watson.*

—◆◆—
 "That man who hath not loved
 Hath half the sweetness of his life unproved;
 Like he, who, with the grape within his grasp,
 Out from his careless and unheeding clasp
 Drops it, with all its hidden juice unpressed,
 And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed."

—*Townsend.*

—◆◆—
 If you cannot inspire a woman to love you, fill
 her to overflowing with love for herself; all that
 runs over will be yours.

—◆◆—
 I loved thee once! Yes, tell me when it was
 I loved thee not? In childhood, youth, in manhood
 And old age—in all I loved thee!
 And were I once again to live life over, thou
 would'st be
 To me in memory dear, that I might truly say in-
 deed,
 "I loved thee once," but that was *all my life.*

—◆◆—
 "Love born in hours of joy and mirth,
 With joy and mirth may perish,
 Whilst that to which our ills gave birth
 We oft-times fondly cherish."—*Barton.*

In joy or sorrow such is the fate
Of all who enter the marriage state.

Yes, you may smile, young man, but still 'tis true,
And not the fiction of a distempered brain;
The first effect of love, like morning dew,
If crushed ne'er sparkles on that flower again;
Unless, perchance, like clouds behind the skies,
It shines again more bright when morn arise.

"How much do I love thee? Go ask the deep sea
How many rare gems in its coral caves be;
How much do I love thee? Go ask of a star
How many such worlds in the universe are;
How much do I love thee? Go ask of the sun
To tell when his course will forever be done;
How much do I love thee these secrets reveal;
You can learn from my bosom, which loves thee
can feel."—*Townsend*.

A better proof I would suggest,
I'd like to make the trial;
No doubt you'll think 'tis for the best,
If met with no denial;
From your sweet lips pray let me steal
Just *what* the spirit moves you;
'Tis then you will begin to feel
How much in truth "I love you."

LUXURY.

“Real Poverty, disguised in gold,
 In Luxury’s lap we oft behold;
 While truest Wealth and noblest Worth
 In rags and ruin walk the earth.”

LYING.

“I do confess, in many a sigh,
 My lips have told you many a lie;
 But who, with such delights in view,
 Would lose the chance for a lie or two?”

MAIDEN.

In worldly goods she may be poor,
 Whilst others boast of riches;
 Still many things she has in store
 Which mortal man bewitches.
 Her beauty, grace, and manners all
 Adorn her walk through life;
 Ten thousand times I’d take her chance
 To make the better wife.

MAIDENS.

Maidens, like moths, are often caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins where Cupid would despair.
—Byron.

MAIDS, (OLD.)

Such be my condition, whether wretched or blest,
 Old maid is a term I do firmly detest;
 And rather than suffer such a horrible fate
 I will marry a man whom I perfectly hate.

And so she's engaged to be married ;
 How often I've heard of her said
 That if much longer she tarried
 She surely would be an old maid.
 I pity the unfortunate fellow,
 For I'm often inclined to believe
 That old maids, like apples, though mellow,
 Like apples, at heart they deceive.
 She's a scheming coquette, and I know it,
 She hasn't the least bit of soul,
 And, to tell you the truth, she will show it,
 When she's married, by taking control.

—♦♦—
 You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in the
 wrong.

When merrily old maids you deride ;
 For to them, I am sure, certain pleasures belong,
 In which bachelors alone can confide.

—♦♦—
MAN.

“What a piece of work is man! How noble in
 reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and
 moving how express and admirable! In action how
 like an angel! In apprehension how like a God!
 The beauty of the world! The paragon of ani-
 mals! And yet, what is man?—the quintessence of
 dust!

—♦♦—
 “Reading maketh a full man ; speaking, a ready
 man ; writing, an exact man.”—*Lord Bacon.*

Mankind are properly divided into three classes:

First, Those who study the *past* in endeavoring to imitate the virtues of their ancestors.

Second, Those who think only of the *present*, and are busy at all hours promoting their worldly interest.

Third, Those who are only anxious about the *future*, and to enjoy which are ready to sacrifice all advantages, both of the past and the present.

He is a good man, whose friends are all good and whose enemies are all bad.

“Gnats are unnoticed, whereso’er they fly,
But eagles are gazed upon, by every eye ;
Just so with men : some always in the way,
Whilst others we admire, whate’er they say.”

“Mankind one day serene and free appear,
The next grow cloudy, sullen and severe ;
New passions, new opinions, still excite,
And what he liked at noon he hates at night.”
—Garth.

“How few are found, with equal talents blest,
Fewer with nature’s gifts contented rest ;
Man from his sphere, eccentric, starts away
To seek for fame, but oft mistakes the way.”
—Churchill.

MARRIAGE.

How often we see in our progress through life,
where the affections are not properly secured before-
hand, that those who marry where they do not love
are sure to love where they do not marry.

“There’s a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
told,
When two that are linked in a heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing, and love never
cold,
But amidst every fate love on till they die.”

“How happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom love secures, and in one fate unite!
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
blend,
In all things here on earth to take delight.”
—*Thompson.*

Let no repugnance to the single state
Lead to a marriage with a worthless mate ;
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is far more happy than an ill-matched wife.

“Blest be the tie that binds
Two willing hearts in love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.”—*Watts.*

“There swims no goose so old but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.”

—♦♦♦—
“The husband’s sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows angry in reply;
He then commands with due restriction,
And she full well likes contradiction.
She never slavishly submits,
She’ll have her way, or go to fits;
He one way tugs, she that way draws,
And both find fault, with equal cause.”

—Gay.

—♦♦♦—
“Thy soul and mine, by mutual courtship won,
Meet like two mingling flames and make but one;
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make,
And cordial sympathy keeps love awake.”—*Hill*.

—♦♦♦—
Though fools spurn Hymen’s gentle powers,
Those who improve his golden hours
By sweet experience know,
That marriage rightly understood
Gives to the amiable and good
A Paradise below.—*Cotton*.

—♦♦♦—
Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes
better than the dinner.

—♦♦♦—
If Heaven is ever felt below
A scene so like it, sure is this,
When bride and groom begin to know
A foretaste of celestial bliss.

Roses bloom, and then they perish,
Cheeks are bright, then fade away;
Marry him whose love you cherish,
Nor postpone the happy day.

“The man who secures a good son-in-law gains another son, but he who has found a bad one loses a daughter.”

What are all the charms of earth
With its pride or treasures worth,
Without a wife close by your side,
Your joys or miseries to divide?
’Twas Providence, with gracious plan,
Distinctly saw and told to man
“He was not made to live alone,”
Therefore marriage first was known.

May every tie that binds thee
In this marriage always prove
(As I know it will remind me)
Of the pleasures when *we* loved.
How oft, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet;
My heart is almost breaking
For the girl I can’t forget.

MARRIED.

I’m married and happy, now do you hear this,
You men, who were never engaged?
Invest all your funds in conjugal bliss,
’Tis the best paying stock of the age.

MEASURE (See Weights).

A bushel is $18\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times 8 in. and contains 2,218 cubic inches; heaped measure is 2,815 cubic inches.

The English "quarter" is eight bushels, or 560 lbs.

A gallon of flour is 7 lbs., or 28 gallons a bbl.

A gallon of water weighs $8\frac{1}{3}$ lbs., a cubic foot 62 lbs.

A Scotch pint is an English half gallon.

A French foot is to the American as $9\frac{1}{10}$ to 10.

A bushel of wheat weighs 60 lbs.; corn, 56; rye, 52; barley, 47; clover, 65; beans, 63; oats, 34; peas, 64.

A surveyor's chain is 22 yards. 80=a mile.

To find the bushels of cubic feet. $\times 45 \div 56$, or $\times 8$ and cut off the last figure.

NOTE.—To measure corn "net," take one-half of the product.

To find the area of a circle multiply half the diameter by one-half the circumference.

To find the contents of a pyramid (or cone), find the area of the base (as above), multiply by the height and take $\frac{1}{3}$.

To find the number of gallons find the cubic feet and $\times 6\frac{1}{2}$; there are 230 cubic inches in a gallon.

MEDIOCRITY.

Poverty too often makes men cold and callous,
and property as often makes them arrogant and
proud; it is generally in the middle classes of
society we find the most genial and amiable char-
acteristics of human nature.

MEDITATION.

There are moments, methinks, when the spirit
receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
When the folds of the heart in a moment uncloset
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of the
rose.

MELANCHOLY.

“Why should a man whose blood is warm
within sit like his grand-sire, cut in alabaster?”

MEMORY.

“Long, long be my heart with such memories
filled;
Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-
tilled,
You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
But the perfume of roses will hang round it still.”

It is no vision fair, of transitory hue,
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew,
And loved, and walked with in communion kind,
Departed hence, again in Heaven to find.

MERCHANT.

The worldly merchant ventures far and near,
 Nor shuns the land or sea to make his gain;
 Thinks neither travel, care, nor cost too dear
 If that his losses never give him pain;
 But when his cargo safely lands on shore
 Converts it into gold, yet still desires more.

MERIT.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost who stays till all commend.

A noble mind, unconscious of a fault,
 No fortune's frown can bend or smiles exalt;
 Like the firm rock, which in mid-ocean braves
 The rage of whirlwinds and the dash of waves.

METALS.

Gold can be hammered so that 1,300,000 layers
 would make an inch; an iron bar (of any weight),
 will support its own weight if extended $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles
 in extent, and a wire of steel will sustain its own
 weight at a length of 13 miles.

MIND.

"With curious art the brain too finely wrought
 Preys on itself and is destroyed by thought;
 Constant attention wears an active mind,
 Destroys her powers and leaves a blank behind."

—Churchill.

"The mind amidst the ruin of all earthly things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on its own foundation."

The minds of men are as different as their faces,
they all seem to be travelling to one end—*Happiness*—yet no two of them travel the same road.

We often find traits essentially "*feminine*," in the mental character of men of genius, and decidedly "*masculine*" traits in the intellectual development of a gifted woman.

Mental pleasures never satiate; unlike those of the body, they are increased by study, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

MINISTRY.

The preservation of the ministry in despite of trials, difficulties, persecution and sorrow—in the midst of grief, perplexity and opposition—is one of the most convincing proofs of the divinity of the Christian religion.

MIRROR.

What a charming fine glass! no wonder the Graces
So often come here to behold their fine faces;
Why, it shows every feature, copies every complexion,
And affords to us all, a place for *reflection*.

MIRTH.

“Mirth is the medicine of life,
It cures its ills, it calms its strife;
It softly smooths the brow of care
And writes a thousand graces there.”

MISER.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure as he counts it o'er;
Pile after pile his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs—for more is wanting still.

A leech in disposition; a screw-auger in his action;
a snake in his twisting; a vice in his dealings,
and a lobster in manipulation.

'Tis strange the miser should his care employ
To hoard up riches other men enjoy;
Through life's dark ways his daily duty bends,
And thinks of nought but stocks and dividends.

He dies, but leaves his wealth behind,
His putrid corpse is cold;
No longer he a pleasure finds
In counting o'er his gold;
So let him rest in quiet now,
He's free from worldly evil;
But when he gets to *hell* below
He's sure to cheat the Devil.

MISFORTUNE.

“For each man who sincerely pities our misfor-

tune, 'there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.'

"Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
 More sad than howling in a midnight blast,
 Is that portentous phrase, '*I told you so,*'
 Uttered by friends, as prophets of the past;
 Instead of saying what you now should do,
 Foretell that you would surely fail at last."

—Byron.

Sympathy enables us to bear the misfortunes of others, but religion alone can teach us to bear our own with resignation.

MISSES.

One extravagant Miss won't cost a man less
 Than a dozen good wives who are saving;
 For wives they will spare, that others may share,
 But the Misses forever are craving.

MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
 So modesty in beauty shines more bright;
 Unaiming charms with rays resistless fall,
 And she who means no mischief does it all.

MONEY.

There is a plan for gaining money
 Better than banking, trade or leases;
 Take a bank-note and fold it across,
 And then you will find your money in-creases.

MORALITY.

"There are, 'tis true, melancholy instances of great intellectual powers, united to acquisitions from the whole circle of learning, without a corresponding moral elevation; but 'tis the general order of Providence that whatever enlarges and exalts the intellect; promotes, purifies and invigorates the virtues of the heart."—*Preston.*

A corruption of morals invariably follows a wicked profanation of the Sabbath.

MORTALITY.

Of the whole human family, *one-fourth* die before they reach one year of age; *one-third* before three years; *one-half* before eighteen years, and *two-thirds* never reach forty; *three-fourths* die before fifty-five, only twelve per cent. reach three-score and ten; and for every 12,000, only one person reaches one hundred years of age.

MOTHER.

From the lips of a mother the infant hears the first accents of affection; in youth he receives the first lessons of duty; in manhood, for her sake, he undertakes the boldest enterprises; in maturer years he encounters danger and even death itself; whilst

in his declining years 'tis a mother that affords
the last consolations of a dying bed.

MURDER.

"To take one's life is murder by the law,
The gallows keeps the murderer's hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
We go to war, to gain immortal fame."

—*Young.*

MUSIC.

"The man who hath not music in himself, and
is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is
only fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above;"
But when you thump that big piano,
Just pause a moment, dear Diana!
For those who listen—O, what pain,
Applauding music in such a strain.

MYSTERY.

It is the greatest mystery in the records of
time, "that in the beginning God created all
things;" yet there is a mystery of mysteries.
Who created that beginning? If God, then eter-

nity can alone solve the greatest of all mysteries
—Who created God?

NAME.

“ Words cut in marble are but trifles spent;
'Tis a good name that makes the monument.”

NAPOLEON.

“ His game was empires; his stakes were thrones,
his table earth; his dice were human bones.”

—*Byron.*

NATIONALITY.

“ The spirit of a nation, like that of man, is immortal; the Parthenon may be robbed of its imposing decorations, and the Colyseum exist only in mutilated grandeur, but the spirit of the mighty nations that gave them existence, breathing in their undying literature, will survive to the latest season of recorded time.”—*Reynolds.*

“ The strongest sentiment on the continent is nationality. Boil a New Englander, and you will find the soup made of Fourth of July, and American Independence swimming on top.”—*Phillips.*

NATIONS.

There are three hundred distinct nations and tribes of human beings on earth, in almost as many

different stages of civilization, dialects, knowledge and forms of government.

NATURE.

“Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light;
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the test, the source, the end of art.”

Nature hath nothing made so base but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

“There is no void in Nature; her operations are by mutual and imperceptible gradations: the mineral joins the vegetable, the vegetable the animal, the animal the intellectual.”

He who journeys through life, whatever may be his experience of books, without a knowledge of human nature, is like the German without his pipe; the Italian without his fiddle; the Frenchman without his mistress, or the Englishman without his umbrella.

NEWS.

“The crowd will gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths wide open;

Some tell, some hear, but all will judge the news,
 And he is most believed who lies most open."
 —*Dryden.*

—♦♦—
 "The 'news!' 'tis morning, noon and evening cry,
 Day after day repeated till we die;
 Yes, about the corpse of friend we gather round
 And ask 'the news,' then lay him in the ground."
 —*Sprague.*

—♦♦—
NOBILITY (THE).

"One of the greatest advantages which 'noblemen' (or the aristocracy) possess over other men, is that of being often attended by servants of more talent than themselves."—*Disraeli.*

—♦♦—
NOSTRUMS.

"If we read the catalogue of disorders we are astonished that men live. When we read the catalogue of cures we are surprised that they die."

—♦♦—
NOVELS.

The highest merit that can be claimed for popular fiction is, that it occasionally supplies relaxation and amusement for partially exhausted, intellectual energy.

—♦♦—
 Light and empty minds are always running after trashy, superficial literature, just as the winds flow

towards the place where there is the least rarefied atmosphere.

'Tis happiness to lounge upon a couch, says Gay,
And read dime novels on a rainy day;
But when night comes you sneak away to bed
With not one virtuous idea in your head.

"He said the world, as time would prove,
Was filled with cunning and with love.
Just so with novels; for what else
Is in them all but love and nonsense?"

—Butler.

NOVELTY.

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind.
In search of this from world to world we roam
To send our fleets with every folly home.

NUTRIMENT.

Beef, 26 per cent.	Flour, 90 per cent.
Veal, 25 "	Meal, 90 "
Mutton, 27 "	Barley, 88 "
Pork, 24 "	Rice, 86 "
Fowls, 27 "	Rye, 78 "
Fish, 18 "	Oats, 74 "
Eggs, 14 "	Potatoes, 24 "
Milk, 7 "	Beets, 15 "
Turnips, 4 "	Carrots, 10 "
Melons, 3 "	Cabbages, 7 "

OATH.

‘He that requires an oath makes it,
Not he who by compulsion takes it.
How then can any man be said
To make an oath he never made?’—*Butler*.

OBEY.

The preacher says the fate ordain
That *women* must obey;
But common sense, that *man* should reign,
Yet each will have their way.

OBSTINACY.

Some fools I know—dear reader, is it you?—
Who, if once wrong, ‘will still the wrong pursue.’
‘Tis better far to own your errors past
Than cling to notions that are wrong at last.

For if she will, she will, depend upon it,
But if she won’t, she won’t, and there’s an end on’t.

OBSTINATE.

How often do we see mankind
To good advice both dumb and blind;
With perverse notions in their head,
Like stupid mules, they must be lead.

OFFICE.

‘To hold a place in council was once an honor,
fit reward esteemed for virtue, but now its lustre

dim'd, its reputation lost, 'tis made a mercenary purchase."—*Massinger*.

OMNIPOTENCE.

'Twas great to make this world from naught,
But greater to redeem it;
Yet greater still will be the thought,
Where are we?—when we leave it.

ORATORY.

"Some men so strut and bellow that I have thought that nature's journeymen had made them and not made them well—they imitate humanity so badly."—*Shakespeare*.

"There are some men in this world who would rather talk than listen, though Shakespeare were the orator and human nature the theme."

Those who make the most noise, with the least wit or argument, should take a lesson from nature. She often gives us the lightning without the thunder, but never thunder without lightning.

ORGANS.

The praise of God in the sanctuary no more belongs to the organ than a railroad track belongs to the locomotive. To switch off a congregation of

worshippers by music to a side track, is to endanger a smash-up, both of the sermon and the prayers.

PAPIST.

Be not afraid of sin, if for it you pay well,
 There are no wealthy men in the Roman Papist
 hell;
 Gold opens him the gate, and lets him enter in,
 The want of funds to pay, is far the greater sin,
 For all things else on earth you settle when in
 heaven,
 So count your beads again and keep the tally even.
—Dryden.

PARADOX.

When all the world is wrong, then all the world
 is right.

Those who speak or write against the fame of
 others are only seeking that fame which they pro-
 fess to despise.

PARASITE.

Some men can stoop to anything that's base,
 Confront the devil and stare him in the face ;
 'Tis with such impudence they rise much sooner
 Than men entitled to more worth and honor.

PARTING.

Farewell, I leave, nor seek your love,
 Nor ask for friendship more.

That happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.

“Good night, good night, parting is such sweet
sorrow
That I could say good night until it be mor-
row.”

—*Shakespeare.*

I cannot blame thee, though thy love has faded,
Silent my soul shall bear its hopeless pain;
But still my love remains, although unaided,
Still in its grief shall hope for love again.
For in my heart the hope thy love is given
Shines bright and pure, although its sun is gone;
It cheers my darkness with a gloom of heaven,
And lights my pathway when I walk alone.
Yes, when declining shadows gather o'er me,
Strong e'en in death my soul will know thy spell;
One thought of thee will light the gloom before me
When joy or grief shall say the word—‘ Fare-
well.’

“Parted friends will meet again
When the storms of life are past,
For the spirit, freed from pain,
Will rest in friendship that will last.”
Yes, parted friends again will meet,
From the toils of nature free,
Crowned with mercy—O! how sweet
Will that eternal friendship be!

For the present we part, though I hope not forever,
 Till death on my shoulders his mantle shall cast;
 But to prove each sincere we both should endeavor
 To forget and forgive what was said in the past.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
 “ With all my soul then let us part,
 Since both are anxious to be free,
 And I will send you home your heart
 If you will send back mine to me.”
 — Moore.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
 “ Brethren, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore.
 ’Tis there, released from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.” — Watts.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
PASTOR.

Though the sheep delight in *green* fields, a religious flock is not always pleased with a *verdant* pastor.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
PASSION.

“ Our passions are the gales which threaten us through life; ’tis religion alone that protects us from the tempest.”

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
 “ Oh, how our passions, insolent and strong,
 Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
 The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 That ruling passion conquers reason still.”

PATIENCE.

"Nature has nothing made so base but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man;
The sluggish ass, himself, will patience teach,
A virtue which few mortals ever reach."

Patience and moderation are the ends of the
silken cord, that string together all connecting
virtues.

PATRIOT.

Between the patriot and the politician
There is this difference known:
The former seeks his country's good,
The latter seeks his own.

PATRIOTISM.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land,
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
When home his footsteps he has turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand."

—*Scott.*

"He who counts the danger of defending his own
honor is already degraded; he who counts the cost
of maintaining the honor of his country is ready
for slavery."—*Toombs.* 1850.

Men who are animated with heroic sentiments, and imbued with a patriotic spirit, invariably live longer than others. The fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence arrived at a greater age, and died more calmly, than the same number of men ever engaged in any important national event.

PEACE.

"Let us have peace," says *Useless* S. Grant,
Spread out on a flaming red banner.
'Tis the voice of deceit, 'tis the hypocrite's cant
That comes from this Illinois tanner.
He conquered the South by force and by might,
With money and power to aid him.
Yet he never could put Robert Lee to the flight
Whilst a *General* good fortune had made him.
As misfortune has frowned on the cause of the South,
And our men have been forced to surrender,
A volley we'll fire, from the old cannon's mouth,
In token of friendship forever.

PEACE (OF MIND).

"If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from wicked ways,
Your tongue from slander and deceit."

—*Dr. Watts.*

PEDIGREE.

Of what avail are pedigrees of birth, from a long train of ancestry, without genius or virtue? Nought but foam that perishes at the ebbing of the tide.

A man is what he is, in spite of blood,
But if he is in want of more intrinsic worth
It matters little be he of the brood
Of all the proudest families on earth.

Fools have been known to spring from kings direct,
With all their idiocy shining in their face,
Whilst men of strength and kings intellect
Have been the offspring of a peasant race.

PERSEVERANCE.

"The proudest motto for the young,
And precious more than gold,
Within thy heart and on thy mind
This stirring word enfold.
If in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
Just 'go ahead' with all your power,
There's no such word as '*fail*.'"

— *Lee*.

In the turmoils of life, should misfortune assail,
Look well to your anchor, and furl every sail.
Steer your craft "*à la porte*," examine your chart,
And weather the storm with a boldness of heart.

Then friends will assist you, but should they say No!
Give a smile for refusal, shed a tear for each woe;
But be true to yourself, consult the main chance,
For honor and wealth will your future enhance,
Till death casts the anchor in a haven of rest
And the cargo is landed on the shores of the blessed.

—♦♦—
In the progress of life don't take notice of the
order "right about," but be sure you are about
right, then "go ahead."

—♦♦—
PHILOSOPHICAL FACTS.

Air is 816 times lighter than water.

The force of gunpowder is 6 tons per square inch.

Heat expands water 600 times.

Water converted into steam increases 1,800 times.

Quicksilver becomes malleable at 39° below zero.

The pressure of the atmosphere is 2,160 lbs. per
square foot.

Thunder can be heard 30 miles only.

Lightning can be seen 200 miles.

Sound travels in air 1,140 feet per second; in
water 4,960; in wood 10,000; in iron 11,000;
in steel 17,000; and in glass 18,000.

Light travels 200,000 miles per second.

Electricity (magnetic telegraph) moves with
greater velocity than light.

Rain falls 34 feet per second, and hail 112.

The number of bones in a human body are 260,
and the blood of a healthy man weighs more
than his bones.

In Guinea the thermometer rises to 140°, and in
Greenland descends 70° below zero, yet human
beings endure both extremes.

PHOTOGRAPH.

How true to life—it seems to breathe and move
The very image of my dark-eyed love!
Sweetness and pleasure on her cheeks express
The liveliest spirit, void of all distress;
The lights and shadows all harmonious glow,
A heavenly radiance settles on the brow.
But oh! that mouth, how tranquil in repose,
Its fragrance smiling, like a new blown rose,
Those ruby lips—the pearly gate of bliss—
I long to enter and secure a kiss!

PHRENOLOGY.

You might as well undertake to tell how much
money is in an iron-safe by feeling the knobs, as to
tell what is presumed to be in the head of some
men by feeling their bumps.

PIETY.

There are instances, *few* enough, in the higher
walks of life, to show that true piety does not de-
pend upon them, yet they are *numerous* enough to

confute the prejudice "that religion is only suited to the poor and ignorant."

PLAGIARISM.

"Poets and painters, who from nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this law:
That each should neighborly assist his brother,
And steal with decency from one another."

"When we steal the thoughts of the moderns we are ridiculed as plagiarists, but if we take from the ancients it is approved as erudition."

PLEASURE.

"In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind.
We try new pleasure, still we feel
An inward thirst and torment still."

"Sure all delights are vain, but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain."

'Tis all through life we hope to find
Continued pleasures for the mind;
We test all things, yet still we feel
The want of some new pleasure still."

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in old age by pain.

“Mental pleasures never cease; unlike those of the body, they increase by cultivation, encouraged by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.”

Those who dive to the bottom of pleasure generally come out besmeared with dirt.

Pleasure is to women what the sun is to the flower: in moderation it beautifies, refreshes and improves; in excess it withers, deteriorates, and destroys.

“Wine and beauty, both exciting,
Each to different joys inviting,
To which shall now my choice incline?
To waste no longer thought in choosing,
And neither this nor that refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.”
— *Goldsmith.*

PLANTER.

How happy he who leads a planter's life,
Unvexed by care, and with a loving wife;
Who studies peace, avoiding civil rage,
And takes his counsel from the sacred page,
Just, good and wise, each comfort makes his own,
And to be loved by all, is only to be known;
His mission ended, his worldly labors done,
He sinks to rest, pure as the setting sun;
May such a life to every man be given,
Peace whilst on earth, and happiness in heaven.

POET.

“Three poets, in three distant ages born.
Greece, Italy and England did adorn;
Homer in loftiness of thought surpassed,
Virgil in majesty—in both the last;
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a *Milton* she joined the other two.”
—*Dryden*.

Two objects always should the poet move,
To study both to please and to improve.

“The squabbling critics with themselves dispute
This point (as puzzling as a chancery suit),
So long contended, whether poets claim
From Art or Nature their best right to fame.”

From both—if when, by love inspired,
The point's decided which critics so desired.

POETRY.

“How oft a thought of fancy doth sometimes
Make us commit our thoughts in running rhymes;
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of writing verses requires a nicer art;
A poet's mind, indeed, must be inspired
With thoughts of love, as well by fancy fired;
For, as in strings of pearl, there often lies
Many a blemish that escapes the eyes;
So verses should be, to perfection brought—
But where can one be found without a fault!”

POLICY.

“He who only ‘strikes when the iron is hot,’
will be overtaken by him who makes ‘the iron hot
by striking.’”

POLITICIAN.

The politician has a world of plots,
And in his schemes he has as many spies;
He ties and tangles a thousand mazy knots,
In which the substance of his study lies,
How to deceive the world with many a wile,
But never thinks of heaven all the while.

Midas, 'tis said, professed the art of old,
Of turning whatso'er he touched to gold;
The modern politician can reverse with ease—
Touch him with gold, he'll turn which way you
please.

POVERTY.

Happy the man whose heart can move
And melt with pity for the poor;
Whose soul by sympathizing love
Can feel in part what they endure.

“O, grant me, Heaven, a poor estate,
Not too low nor yet too great;
But quite enough for Nature's ends;
With cash on hand to treat my friends.”

—Mallet.

Be gentle to the aged,
At poverty never jest;
For many a brave and noble heart
Beats 'neath a ragged vest.
Be good and kind and noble,
Be honest, brave and true,
And "do to others as you would
That they should do to you."

POWER.

"Three things most powerful with men,
The sword, the sceptre, and the pen."

PRAISE.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart;
Mankind to gain it toils on toils endure,
And labor all their life to make it sure;
Nor end with life, but nods in sable plumes
To adorn our hearse, then flutters on our tombs.
—*Young.*

"If some men could rise from the dead and
read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they
would think they had got into the wrong grave."

There are three kinds of praise: that which we
yield to the powerful from fear, that which we
lend to the weak from interest, and that which we
pay to the deserving from gratitude.

PRAYER.

The simplicity, beauty, tenderness and grandeur which is concentrated in the Lord's Prayer is of itself sufficient to illustrate the truth of Holy Writ and stamp upon it the seal of Divinity.

“Prayers are the rose leaves between the pages of God's book of remembrance. When the volume is opened, a precious fragrance springs up to sweeten with its perfume the throne of heavenly grace.”

“A seraphim of the eternal spirit, rich with all utterance and knowledge, with a hallowed fire from Jehovah's altar, touching and purifying with celestial grace the lips of all God's people.”

He who seeks a throne of grace
Will find that throne in every place.
He who leads a life of prayer
Will find God present everywhere.

PRESIDENTS.

Washington, .	Born 1732.	Died 1799.	Age 67
Adams, . . .	“ 1735.	“ 1826.	“ 91
Jefferson, . .	“ 1743.	“ 1826.	“ 83
Madison, . . .	“ 1751.	“ 1836.	“ 85
Monroe, . . .	“ 1759.	“ 1831.	“ 72
Adams, . . .	“ 1767.	“ 1848.	“ 81

Jackson,	.	Born 1767.	Died 1845.	Age 73
Van Buren,	.	" 1782.	" 1862.	" 80
Harrison,	.	" 1772.	" 1841.	" 69
Tyler,	.	" 1790.	" 1862.	" 72
Polk,	.	" 1795.	" 1849.	" 54
Taylor,	.	" 1784.	" 1850.	" 66
Fillmore,	.	" 1800.	" 1874.	" 74
Pierce,	.	" 1804.	" 1869.	" 65
Buchanan,	.	" 1791.	" 1868.	" 77
Lincoln,	.	" 1809.	" 1865.	" 54
Johnson,	.	" 1808.	" 1875.	" 67
Grant,	.	" 1825.		

PRESS (THE).

"A lever small enough to be used by one man,
yet powerful enough to raise the world."

Turn to the press, its teeming sheets survey,
Full of the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths, and marriages, murders, fires and
wrecks,
Harangues and trials, brawls and broken necks.
—*Sprague.*

PRIDE.

Pride may breakfast with *Plenty*, yet dine with
Poverty, sup with *Infamy*, and sleep in *Disgrace*.

“Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.”

“Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man’s erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.”

—*Pope.*

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don’t be haughty and put on airs
With insolent pride of station;
But learn for the sake of your mind’s repose
That wealth’s a bubble that comes and goes,
And is subject to irritation.

“Pride often guides an author’s pen,
Books are affected just like men;
Yet he who studies nature’s laws
From certain truths his maxims draws;
Then try, dear friend, each way devise
To make men moral, good and wise.”

—*Gay.*

PRINCIPLE.

There are men whose principles consist in having
no principle on which to depend; a free-thinking
without thinking freely; and whose common sense
is nothing more than that which is common.

PROCRASTINATION.

Whenever duty calls thee,
 With sober judgment view it,
 But never idly wish it done;
 Begin at once and do it.

PRODIGALITY.

The prodigal starts in life with a fortune, but dies poor; the miser starts life in poverty, but dies rich; the former spends his fortune to enjoy life, the latter hoards up his fortune, but enjoys nothing.

PROFANITY.

“In common life you’ll own this reason right,
 That none but *fools* in gross abuse delight;
 Be on your guard, nor think this caution vain:
 To be polite we need not be profane.”

“As polished steel receives a stain
 From drops at random flung,
 So does a child, when words profane
 Drops from a parent’s tongue.”

PROFESSIONS.

Men are not disposed to treat the learned professions as they deserve, but in inverse ratio; for he who would refuse a dollar to his pastor, would give five to his physician on a bed of sickness; and if restored, would not scruple to spend twenty in a law suit.—*Lacon*.

Mankind are too much inclined to speak of professors (*Doctors, Lawyers, and Divines*) as *learned* men; as titles oftentimes serve to cover ignorance, we are only safe in saying such men *ought to be learned*.

PROGRESS.

He that is really good will infallibly become better; he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for neither vice nor virtue is stationary.

PROPOSAL.

Pray give a gentle answer now,
A soft responding Yes;
Then let us seal the mutual vow
With what we call a kiss!

Will you, dear girl, relieve my mind—
You, who have always been so kind?
Have you no word of hope to give—
Would you not like with me to live?

“Oh! dear to me is blissful married life—
Girl of my choice, to thee I humbly sue;
Will you accept me, be a loving wife?
Then to my heart I'll take thee ever true.”

To my heart's core your words have sent
A spark of love so eloquent
That I can truly answer, Yes;
To seal the vow, Come, give a kiss!

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity is no test of character; 'tis Adversity
that establishes a good or bad reputation.

"Constant sunshine, however welcome,
Never ripens fruit or flower;
The best of men owe half their greatness
To adverse things beyond their power."

PRUDE.

"Good gracious!" says the prude,
(Her face behind her fan),
"How can you girls believe
There's beauty in a man?
If the race was once extinct,
I'm sure 'twould never grieve me;
I see no beauty in a man,
They never can deceive me.
One half of them are crazy,
The other half as bad;
I would never like to marry one—
The thought would drive me mad!"

Some women are the very reverse of their own
mirrors: they talk without reflecting, whilst their
mirror reflects without talking.

PUNCH.

Whene'er a bowl of punch we make
Four ingredients first we take

The strong, the acid, the cold, the sweet;
 If mixed up well, they kindly meet;
 And when they happily unite
 A glass will fill you with delight.

PUZZLE.

“If you say ‘*I lie*,’ and in so saying tell the truth, you do lie; if you say ‘*I lie*,’ and in so saying you do lie, then you tell the truth.”

QUACK.

It is better to employ a quack, if he can cure your complaint, although he cannot explain it, than employ a physician who understands your disease but cannot cure it.

QUARREL.

Sooner than quarrel with a blackguard, hand your case over to a lawyer. Every man to his trade. No gentleman cleans his own chimney when he can employ a sweep to do the dirty work, because it is his trade and calling.

QUESTION.

Now, should we wed, our mortal life
 Will seem so short we should not tarry.
 Say, then, I pray, will you be my wife?
 If so, we'll go at once and marry.

“When there was no sun or moonlight,
When there was no heaven or hell;
When there was no place for sinning,
Or for sinful man to dwell;
When the great and boundless *nothing*
Harmless, lifeless, round him fell,
Why did God create a devil,
Or conceive a boundless hell?
Did creation send forth evil,
Or did evil come of good?
If so, where’s the spot dividing
Satan’s works from those of God?
Vast, though simple, is the question,
Piercing, probing to the core:
This we know: there once was nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing more.”

—*Stewart.*

QUOTATIONS.

Some men quote nonsense from the *dead* languages, to show their knowledge; whilst they cannot speak in languages that are *living*, to conceal their ignorance.

RADICAL.

Such is my advice, and in one single verse
I draw the conclusion, and its substance rehearse
Be all that a radical is not—nor could be—
And then you’ll be all that an honest man should be.

How many candidates we have who exercise their
 wit
 In getting into offices for which they are not fit;
 Both black and white and copper-colored faces
 Start up as statesmen, but dull as stupid asses.

REBUKE.

It is easier to bear the scoffs of the world than
 the rebuke of conscience.

REFINEMENT.

A high degree of intellectual refinement in a
 woman is the surest pledge society can have for
 the improvement of man.

REFLECTION.

"Each human being some solemn idea hath;
 For one, a hidden love; for others, cruel hate;
 Unconscious, wandering in our worldly path,
 We strive in vain to break the will of fate."

REFUSAL.

"If you oblige me suddenly to choose,
 My choice is made, and I must you refuse.
 My friendship take, if you on that can live,
 But frankly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give."

—*Dryden.*

"I do not love you." Yet I suppose you virtuous;
 know your blood; your good estate; your

reputation stainless; in books well learned; and in dimension and the shape of nature a gracious person; valiant with all; and yet with all, the truth divulged, "I do not love you."

—*Shakespeare.*

You ask'd her once—ask her again,
Perhaps she may remove the pain;
For one refusal's no rebuff,
If she *kicks* again, why, that's enough.

So you think me cruel? Indeed, sir!
Then of naught can you fairly complain;
You may thank your good luck that you're free, sir,
From a girl that loves to give pain.
You say "that my form is seraphic,"
My eyes are most beautifully blue.
If they are—and your language is graphic—
Then, sir, they are too good for you.
You may call me unkind and capricious,
Though my choosing is cautious and slow;
And though you may say "I am vicious,"
I am determined at last to say No!

REGARD.

"Long may he live;
Yes, longer than I have time to tell his years;
Ever beloved and loving may he be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end
Goodness and he will fill one monument."

The first mark of a gentleman is a sensitive regard for the feelings of others.

REJECTED.

Sad and lonely, sick, dejected;
More than all, I am rejected.
To shoot or hang, which do you think
Can cure my pain? "Go take a drink."

RELIANCE.

"There's a game now in fashion, I think it's
called *euchre*.
Some play it for fun, some play it for lucre,
When one of the party, in a confident tone,
Thinks *he* can best play it by 'going alone.'
In life much depends on the hand you may hold,
To secure for yourself, wit, beauty or gold;
Yet the game may be lost with all these for
your own,
Unless you have courage to 'go it alone.'
In love or in business, whatever the game,
In pleasure or profit, 'tis always the same;
In a struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Always 'go it alone,' and rely on yourself."
—*Saxe*.

RELIGION.

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight
for it, die for it—anything but *live* for it.

"There are but three classes of men in this

world: those who have religion and believe in it; those who have it not, but are searching for it; and those who neither have it nor care to look after it. The first are happy; the second, wise; the third, fools."

"For modes of faith let all sectarians fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Religion is an insurance against fire (in the next world), and honesty is its best *policy*.

It sweetens the tears of humanity, purifies and exalts the sentiments of gratitude, honor and justice, and transforms patriotism into piety.

REPENTANCE.

The tears of repentance are the diamonds of heaven, and the sighs of the penitent are the musical notes of Jehovah's gamut.

"The rocks do rend, the earth can quake;
The sea doth roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine."

A death-bed repentance is to burn out the candle of life in serving the devil, and then blow the flickering snuff in the very face of heaven.

—Lorenzo Dow.

REPORTER.

'Tis through the noisy crowd he treads his way,
To catch the flying rumors of the day.
As correspondent of some morning paper,
He spreads the news like evanescent vapor.

REPROACH.

"I had rather be reproached by the devil for seeking salvation, than reprov'd of God for neglecting it."—*Baxter*.

REPROOF.

"Harsh to the heart, and grating to the ear,
Who can reproof without reluctance hear?"

REPUTATION.

The gain secured by the loss of reputation is often credited to the wrong side of profit and loss.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation. That away, men are but gilded loam or painted clay."—*Shakespeare*.

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water."

Our reputation is equally well secured when abused by rogues as praised by honest men.

He is doubly guilty who, having inherited dis-

tion from his ancestry, bequeathes disgrace to his posterity.

It is a sad thing to any one whose reputation is beyond his merit, or his ambition beyond his ability.

RESIGNATION.

“To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given—
Most surely this is wisdom’s part,
And ’tis that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.”

“Often has the pearly tear
Stolen softly down my cheek,
To tell, in eloquence sincere,
A tale of love it could not speak.
Those days of weeping have passed o’er,
Although accompanied with pain;
Thank God, I feel distress no more—
I ne’er shall think of her again.”

REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
’Tis only found in heaven.

After we enter this vale of tears,
After youth we have our fears;
After the wedding, marriage-bell;
After the greeting, a sad farewell;
After the shower, the setting sun;
After his hours the day is done;
After the harvest, the golden sheaves;
After the autumn, the falling leaves;
After the storm, the quiet waves;
After the battle we dig the graves;
After the bud then comes the rose;
After labor, sweet repose;
After night, to our downy nest;
But after death—we then have *rest*.

REVENGE.

“Yes, now, at this, the darkest hour of night,
when churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out contagion to this world; now could I drink his
hottest blood, and do such bitter things as dawn-
ing day would quake to look on!”—*Shakespeare*.

RHYME.

There is one word in the English language that
has never been rhymed, viz: *month*,
I've tried a hundred times I think
To find a rhyme for month,
And just as often have I failed
Till I tried the hundred and one-th.

RICHES.

“Some men speak the truth when they say they despise riches, but they mean the riches possessed by other men.”

All men pay respect to riches without inquiring very scrupulously as regards the means by which they were obtained.

“’Tis when to virtuous hands ’tis given
It blesses like the dews of Heaven;
Like Heaven it hears the orphan’s cries,
And wipes the tears from the widow’s eyes.”

Abundance is a blessing to the wise,
The use of riches in discretion lies.
Learn this, ye men of wealth, a heavy purse
In a fool’s pocket is a heavy curse.

ROMANCE.

“Such tales too often only prove
Fictions of daring and of love.
So all romances, for what else
Is in them all, but love and nonsense?”

RUINS.

“There is a charm in contemplating the spot
once printed by the footsteps of learning; if hal-
lowed by the lapse of ages it creates a moral sub-
limity made sacred by the relics of dilapidated

grandeur; where poetry breathes o'er nature, an odor more exquisite than the perfume of roses and sheds o'er the ruins of art a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

RUMOR.

"The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And those who heard it made enlargement too."

—*Pope.*

"Popular rumor, unlike the rolling stone of the proverb, gathers a deal of moss by circulating up and down the world."—*Dickens.*

It must be so, for Billy Brown, Esquire,

Heard Henry Thompson's wife tell Mr. Smith
(He that was christened John by his grandsire),

That Johnston said when he was walking with
Miss Sally Cheatham, the maiden gal of forty,

She heard Miss Higgins say in whisper low
(To tell it confidentially), how naughty,

That Polly Wilkins' cousin's aunt said "so and
so."

SABBATH.

On this, the solemn, sacred day of rest,
With gifts of plenty and with bounty blest,
Great God, forgetful of Thy favors still,
How many break Thy laws against Thy will!

The Greeks observe *Monday*, the Persians, *Tuesday*, the Assyrians, *Wednesday*, the Egyptians, *Thursday*, the Turks, *Friday*, the Jews, *Saturday*, and the Christians *Sunday*, as their Sabbath for public worship.

The Sabbath is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.

“In holy pleasures let this day
In holy duties pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne’er shall end!”

SADNESS.

What is the worst of foes that wait on age,
What stamps the wrinkles deeper on the brow?
It is to see each loved one blotted from life’s page,
And left alone on earth as I am now.

SAFETY.

“It is universally true that mankind at large
can enjoy the distress of others when they can
safely indulge in their own security.”

“Happy were men if they but understood
There is no safety but in doing good.
Yet when we think they most in safety stand,
The greatest peril often is at hand.”

—*Fountain.*

"Prepare your mind, I'll publish, right or wrong.
 Fools are my theme, let satire be my song,
 Cursed be the lines, how well soe'er they flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

—♦♦—
 We seldom think when we in safety stand
 Our greatest danger often is at hand.
 Happy were all if they but understood
 There is no safety but in doing good.

—♦♦—
SATIRE.

"Satire recoils whenever charged too high,
 Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly;
 As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
 Good breeding sends the satire to the heart."

—♦♦—
SCANDAL.

"There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
 Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;
 On swiftest wings accursed scandals fly,
 While virtuous actions are but born and die."

—Harvey.

—♦♦—
 "'Tis mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with
 smiles,
 A thread of candor to a web of wiles."

—♦♦—
SCHOOL.

"Now, ye who teach the ingenious youth of na-
 tions—
 Holland, France, England, America, or Spain—

I tell thee flog them, upon all occasions;
It mends their morals—never mind the pain.”

SCIENCE.

“Every advancement in science but adds to the
echo of all things:

“The hand that made us is divine.”

’Tis an echo that is whispered in the winds, smiles
from the flowers, thunders in the clouds, and
twinkles in the firmament.”

Every improvement in science has a correspond- *
ing tendency to check the baneful and enervating
effects of luxury and dissipation.

Science, of her toil unsparing,
Nature’s mysteries doth explore,
Entering with a fearless daring
Paths she never trod before.
Testing by investigation
Everything, however sage;
Invention on a sure foundation
Is the spirit of the Age.

“Science kindles her torch at every light be-
tween a glow-worm and a star, and the frankin-
cense of all her discoveries burns upon the altar of
inspired Truth.”

“Science and Truth will assemble the elements and powers of Nature in one mighty ‘orchestra.’ Revelation will give the key-note of praise, while heaven and earth join in the rehearsal of the grand ‘Oratorio’

SCIENCES.

In the learned sciences mathematics performs more than it promises; but metaphysics promises more than it performs.

SCORN.

“The curses of hate and the hisses of scorn
Has followed the wretch since first he was born;
O’er his life may contempt forever be hurled,
The laughter of triumph and the scorn of the
world.”—*Byron.*

“Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.”

—*Congreve.*

SECRECY.

“Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
To learn those things where knowledge is forbid;
’Tis that corroding secrecy which gnaws
The heart, to show the effect, but not the cause.”

SECRET.

How many men are fond of the secrets of

others, and covet them as a spendthrift does your money—only waiting for a proper time to put them into circulation.

“Be thou assured if words be made of breath, and breath of life, I have no life to breathe the secret thou hast told me.”

SECTARIANISM.

If the Apostle Paul were to appear on earth and see the many denominations of Christians and the diversity of creeds, he would be inclined to say, “Pure and undefiled religion is *to keep yourself unspotted from the world.*”

SEDUCER.

“Oh, lost to honor’s voice, oh, doomed to shame,
Thou fiend accursed, thou murderer of my name!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return,
What can repay thy guilt but endless scorn?”

SELFISHNESS.

“The noble horse you pompously bestride
Shares with his rider his pleasure and his pride;
Creation’s handiwork divides her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear;
And man exclaims: “See all things for my use.”
“See man for mine,” responds the silly goose.”

"In other men we faults can spy
And blame the mote that dims their eye.
Their secret faults we're sure to find,
But to our own we're always blind."—*Gay*.

SELF-RESPECT.

"A certain degree of respect for one's self is the best security against moral degradation."

SENSES.

"And though things sensible be numberless,
Yet only five the senses' organs be,
And in these five all things their forms express,
Which we can *touch, taste, smell, hear, or see.*"

SEPARATION.

The worst of tortures fate can find
To lacerate a feeling mind,
Or rob the soul of rest,
Is when its adverse laws ordain
That separation's powerful pain,
Should agonize the heart.

SERMON.

The length of a sermon is in proportion to its interest; some are long after fifteen minutes, others short after an hour. If eternity had an end, it would be short in Paradise.

"Such vast impressions did the sermon make
He always kept his hearers wide awake."

SERVILITY.

“Within the bond of marriage, pray tell me, sir, is it expected I should no secrets know that appertain to you? Am I thus held in base suspense and limitation, only to sit with you at meals or comfort you in bed, or talk perchance at times? If I but dwell within the suburbs of such pleasure, then I swear I am no more your wedded wife.”

—*Shakespeare.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Has been spelt in fifty-four different ways, viz: Shaxspur, Shagspere, Chagsper, Chakespur, Chakspear, Shaxspear, Shakespire, Shaxpeer, Shakspere, Shaxsper, Schaksper, Saxpiere, Shakspyer, Shakaspeer, Shaxper, Shaxpyer, Schakspcare, Schakspiere, Saxpere. Shaxpere, Shakesper, Schakspere, Schakspyre, Schakespear, Schaksphear, Shakesper, Shaxpyiere, Shaykspur, Shaikspier, Shaiksperie, Shaxperee, Shaksper, Shakysepeir, Shakyspur, Shakespeer, Chakespear. Shaikspeer, Shakespeare, Chayspur, Schakspir, Schakespyre, Schakeespur, Schaykespiere, Chaxpeer, Shayxpur, Shaigespare, Schakesper, Schagyespur, Schapespyer, Shaikespeer, Chakespeere, Shaikspieere, Shaikspere, Chaxpur.

SHREW.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not seen the sea puffed up with winds?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And Heaven's loud artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a fiery battle heard
 Loud clarions, neighing steeds and trumpets clang?
 And yet you tell me of a woman's tongue."

—Shakspeare.

SIGNATURES.

The following are the names of the original
 "*Fifty-six*" (from the original *Thirteen* States)
 who signed the Declaration of "American Inde-
 pendence : "

Massachusetts.

John Hancock, President,	Died, 1793	Age, 55
Samuel Adams,	" 1803	" 81
Robert Treat Paine,	" 1814	" 83
Elbridge Gerry,	" 1814	" 70
John Adams,	" 1826	" 91

Connecticut.

Roger Sherman,	" 1793	" 72
Samuel Huntington,	" 1796	" 64
Oliver Walcott,	" 1797	" 72
William Williams,	" 1811	" 81

New Hampshire.

William Whipple,	Died, 1785	Age, 65
Josiah Bartlett,	" 1795	" 66
Matthew Thornton,	" 1803	" 89

Rhode Island.

Stephen Hopkins,	" 1785	" 78
William Ellery,	" 1820	" 92

New York.

Abram Clark,	" 1794	" 68
Lewis Morris,	" 1798	" 72
Philip Livingston,	" 1798	" 62
Francis Lewis,	" 1813	" 90
William Floyd,	" 1821	" 87

New Jersey.

John Hart,	" 1780	" —
Richard Stockton,	" 1781	" 53
Francis Hopkinson,	" 1791	" 53
John Witherspoon,	" 1794	" 72

Pennsylvania.

John Morton,	" 1777	" 53
George Ross,	" 1779	" 50
George Taylor,	" 1781	" 65
Benjamin Franklin,	" 1790	" 84
James Wilson,	" 1798	" 56
James Smith,	" 1806	" 93

Robert Morris,	Died, 1806	Age, 73
Benjamin Rush,	" 1813	" 68
George Clymer,	" 1813	" 74

Delaware.

Cæsar Rodney,	" 1783	" 53
George Read,	" 1798	" 64
Thomas McKeown,	" 1817	" 83

Maryland.

Thomas Stone,	" 1787	" 45
William Paca,	" 1799	" 60
Charles Carrol,	" 1832	" 95
Samuel Chase,	" 1811	" 70

Virginia.

Thoms Nelson,	" 1788	" 55
Benjamin Harrison,	" 1791	" 53
Richard Henry Lee,	" 1794	" 62
Carter Broxton,	" 1797	" 61
George Wythe,	" 1806	" 81
Thomas Jefferson,	" 1826	" 83
Francis Lightfoot Lee,	" 1797	" 84

North Carolina.

Joseph Hewes,	" 1779	" 50
William Hooper,	" 1790	" 48
John Penn,	" 1788	" 47

South Carolina.

Thomas Lynch,	Died, 1776	Age, 27
Arthur Middleton,	" 1787	" 54
Edward Rutledge,	" 1800	" 51
Thomas Heyward,	" 1809	" 64

Georgia.

Button Gwinnett,	" 1777	" 45
Lyman Hall,	" 1781	" 60
George Walton,	" 1803	" 64

SILENCE.

Silence is not always commendable; it is foolish if we are wise, and certainly wise if we are fools.

Some men are silent for want of matter, whilst others are very talkative for want of sense.

SIMPLICITY.

"Oh, I could walk a journey to the farthest verge of this great world, to see that man, who, in the power of wisdom and of art, preserves a lovely mind, or feels the sense of his own littleness in meek simplicity."—*White.*

SIN.

"Indifference to sin is the first step towards the love of it."—*Dr. Dwight.*

“He that would grow divinely wise,
Must with God’s fear begin;
The strongest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.”

— *Watts.*

— ♦ —
“Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Virtue demands a perfect heart,
But we’re defiled in every part.”

— *Watts.*

— ♦ —
SINCERITY.

“Thou art the dearest object of my heart—
Pray search that heart and see;
And from my bosom tear that part
That beats not true to thee.”

“Yes! in that bosom thou art dear,
Far more than words can tell;
If there’s a fault concealed within,
’Tis loving thee too well.”—*Moore.*

— ♦ —
Cold as a frozen fountain,
Colder my heart must be,
If ever I forget the love,
The love I had for thee.
Bright as the purest flame,
Illumined by the sun,
My heart has burned with fire,
Since first that love begun.

Pure as a flake of snow,
By gentle zephyrs driven,
The love that's in my breast
Is true as that from heaven.
Calm as the shades of night,
And quiet as the grave,
Would I my life lay down,
That love for you to have.

For when this life is o'er,
The value of that love
Will then begin to shine
In realms of bliss above.
Anticipate the day,
And whilst my love is thine,
Reciprocate the same,
And be forever mine.

SLANDER.

"A slanderer felt a serpent bite his side;
What followed from the bite?
The serpent died."

Pray do not state opinions blindly,
Which, if false, to trouble tends.
He of whom you spoke unkindly
May have been your warmest friend.

Take then wisdom's warning voice,
Censure not your neighbor's acts,
But let it always be your choice
To found the truth upon the facts.

SLEEP.

"Sleep dwell upon your eyes, peace in thy breast;
Would I were *sleep* and *peace* to enjoy such rest."

—*Shakespeare.*

SMILE.

"His very smile was cunning; his wooden face resembled a big O in the centre of a play-bill; his study was among the portraits of the rogues' gallery.—*Dickens.*

"When tradesmen smile, they safely cheat with ease,

And smiling lawyers never fail for fees;
The doctor's look, the patient's pain beguiles;
The sick man lives, if his physician smiles;
A lover smiles, too many do believe,
And women smile on those they would deceive.
Thus smiles, with interest, hand in hand do go;
He will succeed, who smiles in joy or woe;
So let it always be your chief endeavor
To lead a merry life, and smile forever."

SNUFF.

"And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held a perfume box, which, ever and anon, he gave his nose, then took it away again."—*Shakespeare.*

SOCIETY.

Society is the atmosphere of souls, in which we always imbibe something infectious or salubrious.

The society a man keeps, is not only the index of his character, but it likewise tends to form and fashion it.

To determine a man's position in society, from the calling he follows for an honest living, is contrary to the justice of good sense and the genius of our political institutions.

Some men are as entertaining in society, on first acquaintance, as a hand-organ; but like that instrument, when the tunes are played out, on the next interview they are just as dull and monotonous.

In entering into good society it is always best to strike high; not that the highest are always the best, but, if disgusted, you can descend at any time with grace; whilst if you begin with the lower grade you will find it very difficult to ascend.

SOLDIER.

“On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.”—*Townsend.*

The best soldier is an Irishman half drunk; a Scotchman half starved; an Englishman with his belly full; and a Yankee with "Hail Columbia" in his knapsack.

SOPHISTRY.

"Dogmatic jargon, learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To common ears seems so profound
They fancy learning in the sound."—*Butler*.

SORROW.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
No traveler ever reach'd that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briers on the road."
—*Cowper*.

SOUL.

"When nature ceases thou shalt still remain,
Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction and elude the grave."—*Tickell*.

SPECIES.

There are upon the earth and in the seas:

600 quadrupeds of various kinds.

700 reptiles " "

3,000 fish " "

4,500 birds " "

40,000 insects " "

"The earth is full of Thy riches, O Lord, and
Thou givest to all their meat in due season."

SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know, for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy "Johnny" up, for the price he is worth,
And then sell him out, what he asks for himself.

SPEECH.

We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But when we try, words die upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip.

STEAM.

"Steam, like a mighty shuttle, flies across the
ocean, weaving the web of commerce, and warping
in national amity every people of the civilized
world."

STUDY.

"With curious art the brain (too finely wrought)
Preys on itself, and is destroyed by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Destroys her powers and leaves a blank behind."

SUCCESS.

It is success that colors all in life,
Makes villains honest, and the rogue admired;
Yea, even virtue, if opposed by strife,
Yields to success, no matter how acquired.

SUICIDE.

I am weary of life, I am tired of earth,
Of its painful sorrows and its boisterous mirth;
Of its changeful scenes, its uncertain joys,
Its woes and frowns, and its pleasure that cloy;
Of its dreams that harrass my troubled breast—
'Tis the grave alone that can give me rest.

“To cut his throat, a brave man scorns;
Instead of his throat, he cuts his corns.”

SUNSET.

“Then twilight drew the curtain up, and pinned
it with a star.”

If there's a time when moments flow
More pleasantly than all beside,
It is, of all our hours below,
A sunset eve in summer time.

SURPRISE.

Emma, I swear by all I ever swore,
Now, from this hour, I shall not love thee more.
What! not love me more? Why this broken vow?
Because I cannot love thee *more* than *now*.

SWEARING.

From every tongue let praise be heard,
Not oaths or songs profane;
Remember who has spoke the word:
"Take not my name in vain."

I think, Mr. D. —, since so often you swear
(For you swear both in day and by night),
If called to defend what no doubt you commend,
You'll convince us that swearing is right;
If 'tis not the case, I declare to your face
I could wish you a little more cool,
Lest some of your friends, severer than me,
Should plainly pronounce you a fool.

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme!
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise;
You would not swear upon a bed of death"
Reflect—your Maker *now* could stop your breath.

TALENT.

"How few we see with real talents blessed,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest;"
How many in the world go headlong and astray,
Looking for something good, but oft mistake the
way.

TALKING.

Men of good, sound, common sense, say a great

deal in a few words, whilst the conceited scholar has a talent for saying too much that amounts to nothing.

TASTE.

In reading authors, some their taste express,
And value books as women do their dress;
Talk as you will, of taste you often find
That gilt-edged nonsense captivates the mind;
If this be true, dear reader, you may see
The moral of these lines, applied to thee.

TAXES.

There is one passage in Holy Writ in which all the powers on earth agree, viz.: "And there went out among them in those days a decree that all the world should be taxed."

THEATRE.

"Where one base scene will turn more souls to shame,
Than ten good moral lectures can reclaim."

—*Sprague.*

"A place where dancing sybils wear tight pantallettes,
And fill immoral heads with luscious pirouettes."

—*Sprague.*

THEFT.

“He that is robb’d, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he’s not robbed at all.”

TELEGRAPH.

’Twas Franklin’s hand that caught the horse
Which, harnessed by Professor Morse,
Like lightning runs through all the States,
Bringing the news to latest dates.

TEMPERANCE.

Makes the head clear, the heart light, the body
warm, the purse heavy, health better, and death
easy.

TEMPER.

That man’s a fool, who tries by force or skill
To stem the current of a woman’s will:
Better to yield, if in her love your trust is,
Than cross her ways and do yourself injustice.

Persons of different temperament should never
marry; like ice and fire, whilst one extinguishes
the other, it destroys itself.

TEMPTATION.

Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sinful snares my peace destroy;
My life with various troubles tossed,
My hopes are blasted, projects crossed;
’Tis every day such hours I spend—
I wonder when this scene will end!

TIME.

We compute the days from midnight, the Chinese from sunrise, and the Jéws from sunset.

The year 1900 will not be leap-year: in course of time the odd minutes making an extra day.

We lament the shortness of time, yet have more spare hours than we know what to do with.

In the United States, the longest day has 14 hours; in Stockholm, 15; in London, 16; in Hamburg, 17; in St. Petersburg, 19; in Finland, 21; in Norway, the sun shines two months, and in Spitzbergen, three and a half months consecutively.

At 12 o'clock in New York it is

12.00	midnight	"	Pekin.
11.36	A. M.		in Charleston,
11.20	"	"	Cincinnati,
11.05	"	"	Chicago,
10.50	"	"	St. Louis,
10.48	"	"	New Orleans,
8.40	"	"	San Francisco.
12.15	P. M.		in Portland,
6.40	"	"	Constantinople,
5.45	"	"	Rome,
6.45	"	"	Vienna,
5.05	"	"	Paris,
4.55	"	"	London,

A line which has two ends, one beginning in the cradle, the other ending in the tomb.

"Six hours to sleep. to honest labor seven,
The same to study give, but all for heaven."

The moments fly—a minute's gone,
The minutes fly—an hour has run;
The day is past, the night is here;
So flies the week, the month, the year.

TIMIDITY.

I pity him so deep in love,
Who won't confess the itching pain
So timid he to make the move,
And ask his girl to change her name.

TOAST.

Come, fill up your glasses, fill high to the brim,
And he that won't fill, I'll not drink to him;
"Here's" our next jovial meeting, and then
when we meet,
May the wine be as lively and our meeting as
sweet.

"Here's to the girl of bashful sixteen,
And here's to the widow of fifty,
And here's to all ages that come in between,
But all, to the one that's most thrifty."

—*Sheridan.*

To each and all I bid good night,
May pleasing dreams and slumbers light
Attend you all till break of day.
When we meet again, I'll have more to say.

"Now here's to thee, my pretty dear,
And may your eyelids never shine
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear,
Than bathes it in this glass of wine."

"Fill your glasses full, every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care, smooths away a wrinkle;"
Should you not drink at all, you then should feel
no pain,
But if you drink and fall, you should never drink
again.
Who cares for wrinkles when, the face presents
a smile.
Surely the wine is false and the brow is full of
guile.

TOBACCO.

Pernicious weed, whose filthy taste annoys
Our finer feelings, and our health destroys.
Its worse effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours;
A drug but suited to a gardener's wants
To poison vermin that infests his plants.

TOILETTE.

Of what is your toilette made, dear girl,
Of what does your dress consist?
Of jewels and silks and marvelous lace,
Which a princess royal, well might grace;
Bracelets of pearl with enamelled clasp,
Girdles of gems with a golden hasp
Of such is my toilette made.
No—of gems and laces and girdles gold,
Of something besides, dear girl;
'Tis made of the bitter and terrible cost
Of the lives of a hundred women lost,
Who, with toiling fingers and hearts of care,
Did labor for life and all things dare
For bread to eat, and an humble bed,
A pillow of stone for a virtuous head;
With eyes to glare, with a stupid stare,
At the iron face of dark despair.
Of these is your toilette made.

TOMBS.

We see their names engraved on stone,
Their bodies in the clay.
Perhaps before the year is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

TO-MORROW.

To-day man's dressed in robes both clean and
bright,
Wrapt in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-day he feeds upon delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good;

To-day, he's grand, majestic, all delight,
And then a corpse before to-morrow night.
True, as the Scripture says, man's life's a span;
The present moment is the life of man.

TOPER.

In spite of misfortune, a refuge I know.
When the world coldly frowns, to the bar-room I
go,
And there bid defiance to foes and to strife,
In a glass of good brandy, the joy of my life.

TREASON.

"Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owe's his greatness to his country's ruin?"
--*Addison.*

TRIFLE.

Emma, you know I'm fond of cake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle;
So give it me—I want to make
A fine dessert of cake and *trifle*.

TROUBLE.

If it were not for trouble and sorrow, we would
never discover the good there is in us.

To thee I tell my every grief,
'Tis you alone can heal;
Just speak the word, and bring relief,
And cure the pains I feel.

With feeble heart and troubled mind,
No consolation can I find,
But not to thee I lay the blame.
'Tis from your eyes my illness came.
Is there no cure, yes, I am sure
Frenzy may be changed to bliss.
Those lips of yours, if once applied,
Could soon restore me by a kiss.

TRUE.

When you are cheerful, kind and free,
You'll surely find a friend in me;
And when you sigh for one alone,
How pleased I'd feel to be that one.
But since I hear you're inclined to rove
With other men, then good-bye, love.
You must be candid, fond and true,
Through good report and evil too;
If not, I swear your love may go—
For aught I care—to '*Jericho*.'

TRUST.

"Trust no party, church or faction,
Trust no 'leaders' in the fight;
Trust no custom, school or fashion,
Trust in God and do what's right."

TRUTH.

“Dare to be true, as nothing needs a lie;
A fault that makes it grows two thereby.”

Fearlessly the truth is probing
Systems, time has rendered gray,
And hypocrisy disrobing,
Tearing falsehood's mask away.

Encourage then its happy mission,
Speed it in its work of good.
Teach mankind their true position—
Universal brotherhood.

There are some men who say more than the truth,
on some occasions, and balance the account with
their consciences by saying less than the truth, on
others.

Truth is as often violated by silence, as by falsehood itself.

“He who is afraid to express his opinion freely,
when true, is not only a fool, but a coward, if he
dreads the opinion of others.”—*De Foe*.

TUNNELS.

“The longest tunnels in the world are in Germany.
At Frieberg, 24 miles long; the Ernst Aug. tun-

nel is $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at Clausthal, $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles; at Schemnitz, 9 miles. Mont Cenis is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. In the United States, the Hoosac tunnel is the longest tunnel finished—5 miles. The Sierra Madre, when completed, will be 12 miles in extent.”

TWILIGHT.

“Behold the sun fast hastening to his rest!
With golden lustre he gilds the gorgeous west;
Lo! the bright orb, with brilliant evening ray,
Glow from the heavens to mark the closing day;
Above the azure skies his glories spread,
To show creation’s works with joy arrayed.
’Tis thus to earth a moment’s glance is given
To think of endless blissfulness in heaven.”

TYRANNY.

“Of all the tyrannies of human kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.”

UNBELIEF.

Hast thou in moments calm, serene,
An unbeliever’s death-bed seen?
What anguish, terror, fright and pain,
Racks his benighted, fiery brain;
A foe to God! with expiring breath,
He cries, “O save me! now, from death.”

UNITED STATES.

	<i>Settled.</i>	<i>Admission.</i>	
Florida, . . .	1565.	1845.	Spanish.
Virginia, . .	1607.	1788.	English.
New York, . .	1614.	"	Dutch.
Massachusetts,	1620.	"	English.
N. Hampshire,	1623.	"	"
N. Jersey, .	1624.	1787.	Danes.
Delaware, . .	1627.	"	Swedes.
Maine, . . .	1630.	1820.	English.
Connecticut, .	1630.	1788.	"
Maryland, .	1633.	"	"
Rhode Island, .	1636.	1790.	"
N. Carolina, .	1650.	1789.	"
S. Carolina, .	1670.	1788.	"
Michigan, .	1670.	1837.	French.
Pennsylvania, .	1682.	1787.	English.
Illinois, . .	1683.	1818.	French.
Arkansas, . .	1685.	1836.	"
Indiana, . .	1699.	1816.	"
Louisiana, . .	1699.	1812.	"
Alabama, . .	1702.	1819.	"
Mississippi, .	1716.	1817.	"
Vermont, .	1725.	1791.	"
Georgia, . .	1733.	1788.	"
Tennessee, .	1756.	1796.	"

	<i>Settled.</i>	<i>Admission.</i>	
Missouri, . . .	1763.	1821.	French.
Kentucky, . . .	1775.	1792.	Daniel Boone.
Ohio,	1780.	1802.	Yankees.
Wisconsin, . .	1836.	1848.	Emigrants.
Iowa,	1838.	1846.	"
Texas,	1845.	1845.	"
Kansas, . . .	1858.	1862.	"
Nebraska, . .			
Oregon,	1859.	1858.	"
California, . .	1850.	1850.	Yankees.
Minnesota, . .	1857.	"	"
Nevada,	1864.	"	"
W. Virginia, .	1863.	"	Emigrants.

UNITY.

Our hearts, dear girl, responsive still
 In unison so closely sweet,
 Each to the other's movements thrill
 Must love in truth, or cease to beat.

Then let our hearts forever flow
 In gentle streams together run,
 To part them now—forbid—Oh, no !
 We cannot part ; our hearts are one.

UNIVERSE.

"The centre of the universe is every-where, and
 its circumference nowhere."—*Pascal*.

UNREGENERATE.

“Alas for those whose hour is near,
When mercy will be heard no more !
Then will they ask, in vain to hear
That voice they would not hear before.”

—*Dr. Watts.*

VANITY.

“When young indeed,
In full content we oft-times proudly rest,
Regardless of ourselves; but only wish,
Like duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.”

“How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.”

—*Blair.*

“In vain on earth we hope to find,
Some solid good, to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, yet we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.”

“Man has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly;
’Tis naught on earth but vanity.”

VICE.

“Vice stings us even in our pleasures, whilst
virtue consoles us in our pains.”—*Lacon.*

VIRTUE.

Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil, good can ever rise.

—♦♦—
“Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entailed upon their kind;
That man, the lawless libertine may rove,
Free and unquestioned, in the wilds of love;
While woman, if she swerves from virtue's way,
And in the hidden paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
By one false step, entirely damns her fame.”

—♦♦—
Virtue can face the storms of age,
'T will prove itself in every stage;
But if once lost, it suffers more
Than it had ever gained before.

VOLCANOES.

—♦♦—
Volcanic fires are hieroglyphics of nature, never
fully deciphered.

VOLUNTEER.

—♦♦—
“Roll, Rappahannock, proudly roll, along thy
rocky glen,
Above thee lies the grave of one of Stonewall
Jackson's men;
Beneath the shade of a lofty pine, in solitude
austere,
Unknow, unnamed, forgotten, lies—A Georgia
Volunteer.”

—Mrs. Townsend.

When Gabriel blows his final blast,
 If "Stonewall" should be near,
 You'll hear the shout of "*Dixie*," then,
 From this Georgia Volunteer.

VOWS.

Once your sacred vows are broken,
 Friends you cannot then retain;
 Often words in error spoken
 Find a passage home again.

VOYAGE.

In the voyage of life, how many profess to be
 sailing for heaven; but take special care not to
 venture outside of earth, for fear of shipwreck.

WAITING.

"She watches at the door, and waiting at the gate,
 Sighs for her old man, like a bird that's lost its
 mate.
 The hour is late, the lamp is trimm'd, her loving
 heart is there,
 Her gentle eyes with tears are dimm'd, see here his
 empty chair."

Roll back that chair and go to bed,
 Nor shed another tear;
 The old man's gone to the wayside inn,
 To get a glass of beer.

WALTZ.

“ Her feet, beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
She whirls around in such a way,
I wish the night would turn to day,
To better view the sight.”

WANTS.

The only thing which we are sure to want in this world, and which we can never purchase, is a coffin; and the only act performed by our friends, of which we cannot complain, is our funeral.

He who buys what he does not want, will soon have to want, that he cannot buy.

WAR.

The war of the French Revolution cost 2,500,000 lives.

The wars with Napoleon cost England 4,000,000 lives, and £1,500,000,000 in treasure.

The war with America cost the British nation 340,000 lives, and £151,000,000.

Napoleon's glory was purchased by the sacrifice of six millions of human beings.

The Florida Seminole war cost the United States \$45,000,000 to subdue fifteen hundred Indians.

The expenses of the war with Mexico was \$100,000,000.

The war between the North and the South cost the United States \$5,500,000,000. The South lost one-half this sum in property alone, whilst the North sacrificed at least 620,000 men.

“War is of use to human kind; for, when we have passed a few dull years of peace and propagation, the world becomes overstocked with fools, and wants a pestilence, at least, if not a hero.”

WASHINGTON.

“Marble columns may molder into dust, and time erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but his fame rose with American liberty, and with American liberty alone can perish. The last swelling peal of his funeral choir announced ‘his body buried in peace;’ but posterity caught the echo of funeral triumph to proclaim, ‘His name will live forever.’”—*Webster.*

WATCH.

“He who a watch must wear, two things should do:
Pocket his watch, but watch his pocket, too.”

WEALTH.

Wealth “is the root of every evil,”
As the Sacred Scriptures tell;
We hoard it here, to serve the devil,
Who pays us back in hell.

Those who are in the possession of wealth are,
in effect, intended by Providence as the trustees of
the poor and; distressed and will be so reckoned,
when they give their final account.

“Abundance is a blessing, to the wise,
The use of riches, in discretion lies;
Then learn this maxim: that a heavy purse
In a fool’s pocket, is a heavy curse.”

—*Cumberland.*

Men sometimes bequeath property that is often
mortgaged, or money that is soon squandered.
The best inheritance is a sound constitution, with
an unblemished reputation, based on a liberal edu-
cation. This is true wealth, better far than gold
or silver.

Wealth, spent in schemes of ambition, produces disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease.

“Madam, I own ’tis not your person
My stomach’s set so sharp and fierce on,
But ’tis your better part—your riches—
That my enamor’d heart bewitches.

—Butler.

He is rich, whose income is more than his expenses; but he is poor, whose expenses exceed his income.

WEBSTER.

“When the genius of American liberty shall weep over the grave of Webster, it will be in the bitterness of a widow-hood made desolate by the loss of her ablest and firmest supporter.”

WEDLOCK.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
How comes it that you, such a capital prize,
Should remain so long in the wheel?

If ever by Fortune’s indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket is sold,
One-eighth, heaven knows, would satisfy me,
For what could I do with the whole?

“Oh, happy pair, to every blessing born,
 For you may life's calm stream in quiet run;
 For you its flowers bloom without a thorn,
 And bright as morning be your setting sun.”
 —*Paine.*

WEEPING.

“Oh, what temptations o'er our souls do creep!
 Our earthly errors make the angels weep.”
 —*Mrs. Townsend.*

The classic poet truly said,
 In words of deepest scorn,
 “Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless millions mourn.”
 This mighty truth is verified;
 We heedless hear the cries;
 In sympathy the angels weep,
 In sorrow, tears and sighs.

WEIGHTS (*vide Measures*).

A cubic foot of sand weighs 100 pounds.

“	“	clay,	“	125	“
“	“	brick,	“	130	“
“	“	granite,	“	205	“
“	“	iron,	“	450	“
“	“	steel,	“	490	“
“	“	copper,	“	490	“
“	“	lead,	“	700	“

A cubic foot of silver weighs 650 pounds.

"	"	gold,	"	1200	"
"	"	oak,	"	66	"
"	"	water,	"	62	"
"	"	cedar,	"	34	"
"	"	cork,	"	15	"

WICKEDNESS.

What wicked thoughts corrupt our mind;
 How obstinate our will!
 In all that's good our eyes grow blind,
 But prone to all that's ill.

WIDOWER.

Soon as death has deprived him of a dear, loving
 wife,
 He mingles again in the pleasures of life;
 To seek a new object, and, cheerfully, then
 Concludes it is best he should marry again;
 With a foretaste of wedlock, no time to consider,
 His choice is soon made, whether maiden or
 widow;
 Just so with such men, how seldom they tarry;
 They are never contented till some one they
 marry.

WIFE.

"How pleasant 'tis to meet a wife
 When our daily labor's o'er;
 How sweet the music of her step
 When she meets you at the door."

—*Drake.*

When fortune frowns, or friends forsake,
 A loving wife will cheer us;
 In all our woes she will partake,
 And in distress endear us.

The man who, in life, is blest with a wife,
 Is sure in a happy condition:
 Try things as you will, she'll stick to you, still,
 As comforter, friend, and physician.

I want a wife, both young and fair.
 With spirits light and cheery,
 To bless me with her pretty smiles,
 And cheer my heart when weary.
 When dark misfortune's hour is come,
 Or sorrow's clouds comes near me,
 To make my home an Eden here,
 And fondly call me "dearie."
 Now should this meet the eye of one,
 And that one deign to hear me.
 I'd live for her, and her alone.
 And she shall be my "deary."

They seek for rule, supremacy and sway.
 When they have sworn to serve, love and obey,

"When on thy bosom I recline,
 Enraptur'd when I call thee mine,
 Through all the scenes of life,
 I glory in those sacred ties
 Which bachelors and fools despise,
 Of husband and of wife."

—Murray.

'Tis said that all the women
Were made, as wives, for men;
And this is true, 'tis holy writ;
It surely follows, then—
That every mortal man, on earth,
Should not delay nor tarry;
But get himself a mate at once,
And then prepare to marry.
Now, I believe, the truth indeed,
The men would not refuse,
If they could only once secure
The woman whom they choose;
But such is my experience,
Which I candidly confess,
I loved a pretty maiden once—
Her name perhaps you'll guess;
That love for her "*was true*," sincere,
I was caught in a dilemma.
"Old maid," says she, "I'll never be;"
Yet I have my doubts, Miss E.
She thus denied the adage, too,
That women were ever made
As merchandize, to barter off
To every man in trade.
Now had her love been true as mine,
All other things explained,
I think she might have changed her mind,
And thus her heart have gained;
Yet do not tarry longer, boys,
For I'm sure you never can
Prove any women so sincere

To marry any man;
There is a special Providence
Directs us all through life,
Who tells each man the proper time
When he should take a wife.
There's women plenty, now-a-days,
So take this consolation,
'T is given freely for you all,
Without further explanation.

Viz.—"There is no goose in this wide world
Who, whether soon or late,
That does not wish a gander boy
For her true and loving mate."

WILL.

He is a fool who thinks, by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will;
For if she will or won't, depend upon it,
She'll do it in dispute, and there's an end on't.
—*Hill.*

WINE.

"Wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods, and clustering grapes have entwined the brows of its divinity; yet how many have poured forth both tears and blood, to prove 'tis only a fountain of eternal damnation."

“Drink wine, my friend, the goblet sip;
 ’Twill dry the falling tear;
 ’Tis not so sweet as woman’s lip,
 But, oh, ’tis more sincere !”

—*Moore.*

“The joy which wine does give, like smoky fires,
 Obscures the sight, whose fancy it inspires.
 ’Tis to thy rules, O! temperance, that we owe
 All pleasures that from health and strength do
 flow.”

WISDOM.

“Wise is the man who labors to secure
 His person safe, his reputation sure.”

“Men of wisdom are instructed by reason; men
 of understanding by experience; the ignorant only
 by necessity, and brutes by nature.”—*Cicero.*

The door-step to the temple of wisdom is a true
 knowledge of our own weakness.

“Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea, how to shoot ?”

—*Thomson.*

Shoot what ? Did Thomson ever mean, in truth,
 He could shoot wisdom, in the heads of youth ?
 Boys, now-a-days, would rather shoot a gun;
 “Delightful task” to them—’tis only fun

To shoot a robin, jay, or yellow-hammer.
 Than squib at "Pike" or Anthon's Latin grammar,
 In my young days, it was Mt. Zion's rule
 To *whip* this knowledge in our heads, at school.
 Say what you please, a better way it teaches,
 To "rear a tender thought" beneath one's
 breeches.

"Wisdom by study must be won,
 'Tis not entailed from sire to son."

—*Gay.*

Happy the thought, look at the masses !
 One part are fools, the other asses ;
 Experience says, 'tis for the best,
 Wisdom should govern all the rest ;
 But such is now our sad condition,
 We occupy the first position ;
 If we don't strive to mend the matter,
 We'll soon be worthy of the latter.
 For sire and son, are bent on evil,
 Our State is going to the devil.

WIT.

"Men have for wits at first, then poets, passed ;
 Turn'd critics next, but proved but fools at last.
 As clumsy mules are neither horse nor ass,
 So they for neither wits nor critics pass."

—*Pope.*

“Excess of wit may often-times beguile;
 Jest is not always pardoned by a smile;
 Men may disguise their malice at the heart,
 And seem at ease yet pained with inward smart.”
 —*Dryden.*

“Wit, well applied, doth use its wisdom right,
 And gives us knowledge while it gives delight;
 Thus, on the stage we with applause behold
 What would have pain’d us from the pulpit told.”

“His conversation, in earnest or in jest,
 His judgment, prudence, manners, and his wit,
 Were deem’d appropriate, and a truthful test
 Of what was proper, graceful, just and fit.”
 —*Frere.*

Forever foremost in the ranks of fun,
 The laughing herald of a harmless pun;
 So rich, so gay, so full of lively wit,
 He never makes a pun without a hit.

True wit is like a diamond light
 When taken from the mine,
 Like genius; when ’tis polished bright
 ’T will cut as well as shine.

WOMAN.

History proves that woman, although influenced
 by lofty impulses, approaches the angels; yet

when yielding to passion exhibits a refinement of wickedness never attained by man.

A good woman is like a Cremona fiddle: the older she gets, the sweeter her tone.

Like a gold coin, no matter what stamp or superscription, she is a *legal tender* the world over.

The "lords of creation," men we call;
(Some think they rule creation)
But they're mistaken, after all:
'T is woman rules the nation.

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
And hell no fury like a woman scorned."

—*Congreve.*

"'T is woman's smiles that lull our cares to rest,
'T is woman's charms that gives to life its zest,
'T is woman's hand that smooths affliction's bed.
Wipes the cold brow, supports the sinking head."

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful show
There's nothing true but heaven."

—*Moore.*

O woman, woman, whether lean or fat,
In face an angel, but in heart a cat,

With so much of heaven and hell about you,
There is no living with, or without, you.

“The progress of any nation in morals, civilization and refinement, is just in proportion to the elevated or degraded position in which woman is placed in society.”

Without woman, the beginning of our lives would be helpless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort.

“Though but common clay, taken from common earth, molded by Deity himself, and tempered by the tears of angels, to make the perfect form of woman.”

The best, are like the ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer they cling to you; yet the worst like the ivy—the more they cling to you, the more you are ruined.

“The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,
Is never flattered with such dear enchantment;
’Tis more than selfish vanity, as when
She hears the praises of the man she loves.”

—Thompson.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
 He soon feels relief when a woman appears,
 Provided she's handsome and loving and true;
 But if on the contrary, it makes him look blue;

An inconstant woman is never in love; a false woman, in love with more than one; a fickle woman, in love with nobody in particular; and an indifferent woman, nobody can love.

WORDS.

There are but two words in the English language which contain all the vowels in their regular order, viz.: abstemiously, facetiously.

WORLD.

The world is strong and mighty; but, in its infinity of littleness, it is certain to wring that noble heart that would dare to defy its power.

"I am creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."—*Napoleon.*

This world is a bundle of hay,
 Mankind are the asses who pull;
 Each tugs it a different way,
 And the greatest of these is John Bull.

The world is the great turnpike gate on the road

to immortality, where every man pays toll according to the manner in which he travels.

“The world is a well-furnished table
Where guests are promiscuously set;
They fare as well as they’re able,
And scramble for what they can get.”
—*Bickerstaff*.

“This world’s a book, writ by the eternal art
Of the great Author, printed in man’s heart;
’Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn’d,
With all the ‘errata’ showing at the end.”

WOE.

“The happiest man that ever breathed on earth,
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Had yet some anxious care to make him know
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.”

WORSHIP.

Blest is that pious house
Where love and friendship meet,
Where praise, and prayer, and holy vows,
Make their communion sweet.

WRITING.

“Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature’s chief master-piece is writing well;
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finished, nothing shines so much.”
—*Swift*.

WRONG.

"We see the right, and we approve it, too;
Condemn the wrong, but yet the wrong pursue."
How oft in life we think we've done no evil,
But on reflection we have played the devil.

YANKEE.

"He loves his land, because it is his own,
And scorns to give some other reason why;
He dare shake hands with king upon a throne,
And think it kindness to his Majesty."
—*Halleck.*

YEAR (NEW).

"The opening year God's mercy shows.
Let mercy crown it till it close;
With grateful heart the past we own
The future is to all unknown."

YOUTH.

"'T is vain to think love's bright hour
In blooming youth is shown,
For sure its purest, warmest power
In after age is known;
If passions, chastened and subdued,
To ripper years are given,
'T is then we view all earthly things
In a light that shines from heaven."

—*Barton.*

Nothing should be neglected, which is calculated to improve the taste, cultivate the understanding, or elevate the character of the rising generation.

“The excesses of youth are but debts due to old age, and payable about thirty years after date, with heavy interest.”

This world is a stage of excitement
There's danger wherever you go,
But when you are tempted in weakness
Have courage, brave boy, so say No !

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, nurtured in manhood with satisfaction, but reaped in the harvest of age by misery and pain.

Be up and doing now, young man,
For “life is short,” do what you can ;
With you 'tis sweet, with me no more,
Though continued to three-score ;
For three-score years, when they are gone,
Will then appear as short as one.

ZEAL.

“For virtue even, may too much zeal be had,
The worst of men are fanatics run mad ;
No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest
Unless we grant his ideas are the best.”

—*Cowper.*

ZEALOT.

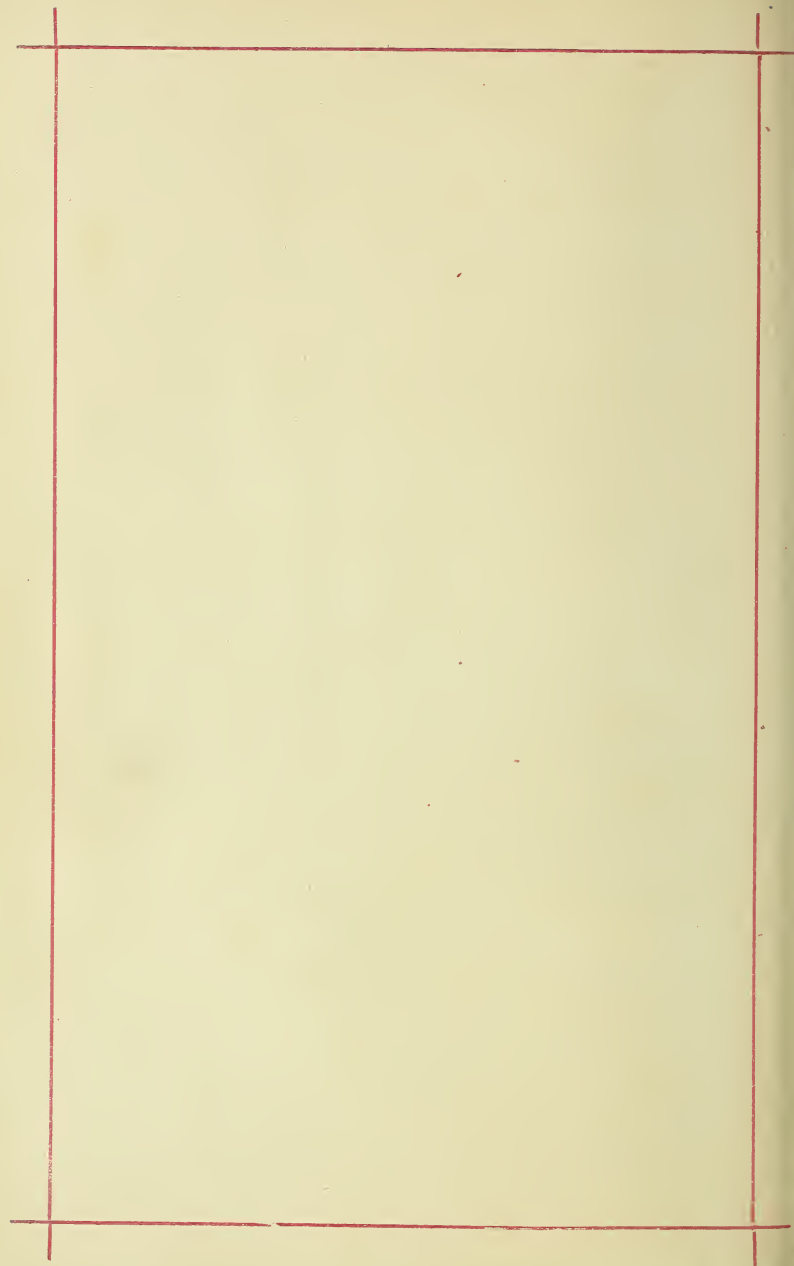
“Fanatic faith when once ’tis wedded fast
To some dear falsehood hugs it to the last.”
—*Moore.*

FINIS.

Some say a poet is a fool:
By demonstration, reader, show it;
Perhaps you can—invert the rule,
And prove yourself to be a poet.

This book, my friend, which you have read,
In part I claim as mine;
But what you cannot understand,
I grant you—“Make it thine;”
Though others may its merits see,
And credit what is due,
Let them the better part secure,
And leave the rest for you.
Should both review this humble work,
And each the critic play,
Just try your hand to write a book.
I’ve nothing more to-day.

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